

# BRITANNIA

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New Life in a New Land: Ex-Service men and their families leave for Canada.

**F**ORTY-FIVE British Legion families, consisting of nearly two hundred people, left Southampton for Canada last Saturday.

The fathers are all unemployed ex-Service men who failed to obtain a living in a land "fit for heroes" to live in. After hopeless struggles in the congested areas of the great cities they had the wisdom to take advantage of the British Legion scheme for training ex-Service men in agricultural work preparatory to starting a new life in the Dominions.

The fathers and the mothers have been trained at Chiseldon in Wiltshire, where the British Legion's training scheme for emigrants is in operation. Under this scheme, the men, many

of whom have spent most of their lives in cities, have learned something of agricultural work and the handling of animals, while the women have been taught dairy work.

At Chiseldon, life has been given a new meaning; hope has been restored to those in despair, and energy and ambition have replaced apathy and drift.

It is not claimed that these men and women go from Chiseldon to Canada as fully qualified agricultural workers, but it is certain that they go to new work with the elements of sound knowledge upon which to build and the determination to make good.

And they go with a further creden-

tial not perhaps of the same value to-day as it was a few years ago—the credential of courage and endurance in the face of danger.

That such courage can be sapped by a long period of unemployment and reliance upon State charity for a bare existence has been clearly proved. But it can come to life again—fresh and strong when the chance to make good is provided and a prospect for the future begins to glimmer.

Belief in themselves that was almost lost has been given back to men by the British Legion at Chiseldon, and those who left for Canada on Saturday with their families have no fear of the future, because, given a fair chance, the future belongs to them.

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# The Record of a STRONG GOVERNMENT

*With the General Election taking place within a few weeks, Lord Birkenhead examines the record of Mr. Baldwin's*

*Government, and points out why the wave of defeatism which has penetrated some sections of the Conservative party is quite unwarranted.*

*By the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead.*

**D**URING the last few weeks a wave of what can only be described as "Defeatism" seems to have overwhelmed a certain section of the Conservative Party. Traces of it are to be found in sections of the Press, which, with alternate gloom and enthusiasm, prophesy the extinction of Mr. Baldwin's parliamentary majority at the coming General Election; in the Stock Exchange, where "Conservative stock" has been sold at various prices, decreasing from 296 to 250—thus assuming, even on the higher basis, an actual minority in the next Parliament; and in the conversation of Conservatives generally. I cannot see any real basis for this pessimism.

## Mr. Baldwin's Success.

It is not in my nature to be an incorrigible optimist; I have spent too many years in politics and at the Bar to feel certain about the favourable outcome of any course of action. I perfectly well understand that a proportion of Mr. Baldwin's majority at the last election consisted of members who won their seats by a small margin of votes at a time when the Conservative tide, swollen by a few months' experience of Socialists in office, was irresistible in its strength. That some of these seats may be lost next month is in the very nature of political fortune; but, on the other hand, there are not a few Socialist seats which are just as likely to be lost to their present holders.

I should imagine, for example, that his constituents must by now be excessively weary of Mr. Saklatvala, and will be disposed next month to absolve him from the further responsibility of misrepresenting them. But such cases are exceptional on either side.

The General Election will be fought, like any other General Election, on broad political issues, and on the records of the various parties. On this consideration, I cannot see the very slightest reason for the fears apparently entertained by some sections of Conservatives. Looking back over the record of Mr. Baldwin's administration during the past five years, it seems to me that few governments in our history have faced difficulties so great and triumphed over them with such remarkable success.

## Moral of the General Strike.

**N**EVER, for example, before 1926, had this country been faced for centuries with so determined a challenge to its parliamentary democracy as was that of the General Strike. There can be few who have

forgotten that three-year-old episode. If they cast their minds back, they can hardly fail to read an instructive moral. When the Trades Union Council sought to force upon the country a solution of the dispute in the coal industry—a solution which had been rejected as inexpedient and impossible by every public body which had considered it—the Government refused to be intimidated.

The strike leaders called out body after body of men, threatening, in the event of their refusal, to confiscate all the subscriptions which they had paid and to debar them from every benefit to which they were entitled. This pressure was effective; practically the whole Trade Unionist strength was forced to join the strike.

Had England been cursed then with a weak Government, the whole nation would have been paralysed. Fortunately, the Government was not weak. It took immediate steps to meet the attack upon the political structure for which it was responsible. From the moment when it demonstrated that it was not to be intimidated by Sovietism, the strike was as good as defeated. When I recall those days, I ask myself how any intelligent elector can persuade himself that Mr. Baldwin's Government has any but a fine record of achievement.

## Pressure from Behind.

**I**T is perfectly certain that, had Mr. Baldwin decided to go to the country immediately after the General Strike, he would have secured a majority even greater than what he obtained in 1924. Thus he might have extended his term of office by an additional two years—a period in which many of his administrative measures would have had valuable time to prove their worth to every doubter. That Mr. Baldwin did not seek to draw political credit from the General Strike and expose the nation to the irritation and anxiety of a General Election so soon after it, must surely be reckoned among the many benefits which his sterling character has bestowed upon his fellow-countrymen.

To have defeated the menace of the General Strike might well be considered a sufficient recommendation for any government. It was not as if Mr. Baldwin had received any assistance from the opposing parties. The Socialists, whatever their private feelings, were driven by that unvarying Socialist phenomenon—pressure from behind—to support and countenance the strikers. The Liberals were, as Liberals always are nowadays, divided in their

councils: a few supported Mr. Baldwin; the rest endeavoured to find a convenient and acoustically satisfactory fence on which to perch between the two policies.

## The Government's Foreign Policy.

**B**UT the defeat of the General Strike is only one of the brilliant achievements of Mr. Baldwin's ministry. The Locarno Treaty, prepared and completed with such far-sighted and tactful statesmanship by Sir Austen Chamberlain, is a landmark not merely in English, but in European history. Anyone familiar with the intricate problems of the post-War situation in central Europe knows that the signature of this treaty dispelled, as if by magic, the cloud of unrest and uncertainty which had settled like a nightmare over a greater part of the Continent.

The contrast between Europe before and Europe after the Locarno Treaty was as striking, in its indirectly opposite respects, as the change between Europe before and after August, 1914. If the invasion of Belgium turned Europe in a day from prosperity to Armageddon, the Locarno Treaty at last restored that genuine will for peace about which so much had been said, and so little effectively done.

Mr. Baldwin may rightly claim to have restored peace to Europe; not less rightly he may point to his handling of the Shanghai troubles as another triumph for his administration. Historians will see in that episode more significance, perhaps, than was ever recognised at the time. We know now that the troubles in China were precipitated by the Bolsheviks of Russia in a last desperate effort to involve the world in ruin.

Sir Austen Chamberlain having destroyed their hopes of a European revolution, they turned to China with a gambler's frenzy. Had their Chinese allies succeeded in sacking Shanghai and massacring its European inhabitants, this horror would have given an impetus to Bolshevik activities everywhere which might have recovered for Moscow all the ground it had lost in other directions.

## Liberal Hesitation.

**T**HERE is no use in denying that the plot very nearly succeeded. Only one thing saved Shanghai: the courage with which Mr. Baldwin faced the situation; and despatched immediately, and despite all the objections of the other parties at Westminster, a sufficient force of British troops to the rescue. We all know that his firm action was successful. Let us not forget



that, when it was taken, the Liberals, eternally hesitant, argued and quarrelled whether troops should be despatched; while prominent members of the Labour Party advocated leaving the British inhabitants of Shanghai to perish, on the ground that they were merely capitalist blood-suckers and not class-conscious proletarians!

We have, then, three episodes of historic importance, all of them achieved by the present Government: the defeat of the General Strike; the signature of the Locarno Treaty; and the saving of Shanghai.

### Home Politics.

**D**OMESTIC issues must necessarily seem a little dull by comparison with such emergencies. But the Baldwin Government has as fine a record in this respect as in the others. I have not space to touch upon them all; but a few must be mentioned, of which any one would in pre-War days have been considered sufficient to merit the return to power of the Ministry responsible for it.

First, there is the Government's record in regard to housing. Anyone who throws his mind back five years will recall how almost impossible of solution the housing problem seemed to have become. Hundreds of thousands of families demanded houses. Thousands of engaged couples were forced to postpone their marriages because it was impossible for them to find accommodation. To-day all that has been swept away; the housing problem is as if it had never been.

All over the country great housing schemes have been perfected, by which accommodation—admirable equally for its comfort, its healthfulness and its cheapness—has been provided. This alone, I repeat, would in other days have been sufficient for a Government confidently to demand the renewed confidence of the electorate.

### De-Rating Reform.

**T**HE remarkable measures of administrative reform which are known, not altogether happily, by the concise title of "De-rating," have been authoritatively described as the greatest constructive work of the present Government. It has been said that only two men in the country, Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Sir Kingsley Wood, are capable of understanding and explaining all the manifold details of this enormous Bill. Whatever slight degree of truth there may be in this exaggeration, it is quite certain that there is no one in the country incapable of appreciating the benefits which the Bill confers both upon industry and upon local government.

It is equally certain that there is no one in any of the opposition Parties capable of putting up a good case against it; it passed through the House of Commons without serious argument. As a stimulant to prosperity, as a means of lessening the fiscal pressure upon industry and agriculture, and of allowing them to re-absorb men and women at present unemployed, it again is enough to form a complete election policy.

The Government, we are told, has not solved the unemployment question. This is perfectly true. It is only irresponsible politicians who imagine that so serious a

problem can be solved by a few fanciful phrases. Mr. Lloyd George, who proposes to remove unemployment by creating an army of road-makers—an army without a commissariat, and without billets, and, apparently, without pay—has not succeeded in persuading even his Liberal colleagues that his plan is feasible.

No thoughtful voter need feel alarmed because Mr. Baldwin has not come forward with a similar panacea. The Prime Minister, being a practical man, has addressed himself to the roots of the problem. He seeks to

I have already spoken of the De-rating Bill, which will inevitably bring a vast increase of employment in many of our basic industries.

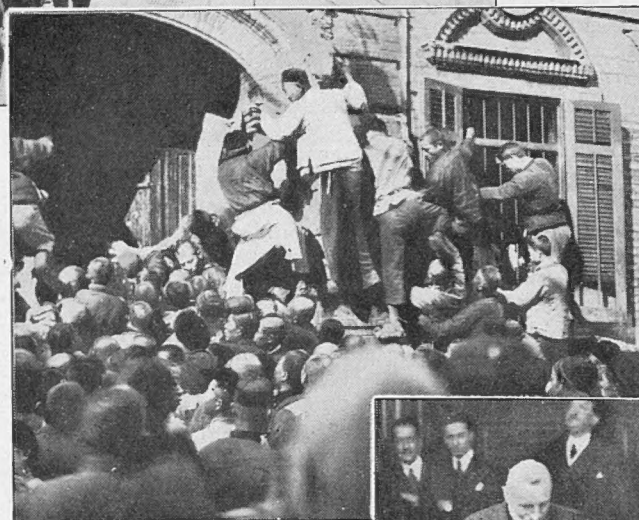
Then there is Safeguarding. The most hide-bound Free Trader must recognise to-day that safeguarding has proved an amazing boon to those industries which have claimed its protection. It is impossible to travel in any part of the country to-day without seeing busy factories which owe their existence, and the consequent livelihood of their employees, wholly and solely to safeguarding.

### Budget Benefits.

**I**F the country wants results in the fight against unemployment, it will support Mr. Baldwin's candidates next month; if it wants the panaceas of politically discredited medicine-men, it need have no hesitation in supporting either of the rival Parties, or even, where possible, the Communist candidates.

As if these achievements were not enough, the present Government has made such extensions of Old Age Pensions, and of National Insurance, as would have seemed unthinkable to social reformers of even ten years ago. When I remember the enormous political gratitude which was claimed and enjoyed by the statesmen who initiated the earlier pensions and insurance schemes, I ask myself whether it is possible that Mr. Baldwin's recent work in these directions, can fail of recognition.

I have left myself no space in this article to discuss the other good work of the past five years—among which the Agricultural Credits Act and the Electricity Act come instantly to mind—or even the immediate future benefits



### THE STRONG GOVERNMENT.

*The firm attitude during the perils of the General Strike. The Conservative Government's strong policy stopped the riots in Hankow.*

*The peace of the World. Mr. Stanley Baldwin signing the Locarno Pact. Sir Austen Chamberlain is seated on his left.*



destroy unemployment by destroying its cause. This cause is simple, indisputable. It is that our industries must be restored so that they can employ the unemployed. Mr. A. J. Cook and his reckless colleagues among the miners' leaders took care that the coal strike should not merely impoverish the mining industry, but that it should become incapable for many years of recovering its prosperity. We are slowly convalescing from the blow which Mr. Cook dealt to the whole industrial fabric of the nation.

Mr. Baldwin has succeeded in giving that stimulus to our industries by which alone the unemployment question can be solved.

of Conservative government as outlined in Mr. Churchill's Budget. I have said enough already to prove that no other Government in the whole course of our history has shown a finer record of achievement at home and abroad than Mr. Baldwin's.

There is only one other point I wish to mention. It is being urged in certain quarters that an endeavour should be made to unite Conservatives and Liberals in a single constitutional bloc against the Socialist menace at the polls.

It is patently impossible at the present moment, to dream of recreating such a coalition.



# BRITANNIA'S DIARY

~ A Critical Survey of Current Events ~

## Honour where Honour is Due.

MAJOR SEGRAVE'S knighthood is a welcome event. That honours as well as honour should be given to brave men who risk their lives from honourable motives was once the general habit. The Elizabethan knights were pre-eminently adventurers in the old honest humbug-less sense of the term.

It is just significant that we have so little belief in the possibility of disinterested daring to-day that the word adventurer has become synonymous with "crook" or "charlatan." And in reserving a large proportion of our honoric titles for men who have made fortunes out of buying and selling, we have in the long run given the stamp of official approval to the commercial view of adventure as an unjustifiable risk.

A welcome change of view, or rather a welcome return to the older view, was made when knight-hoods were given to the airmen who made the first Atlantic flight.

Major Segrave's feat, if less historic, was infinitely more dangerous. Was it useful? What does it matter? Is art useful, or even mere virtue? Man does not live by bread alone . . . and we can leave it at that.

## Gallipoli.

NEXT Thursday is the anniversary of the Gallipoli landing, probably the one day between August 4th, 1914, and November 11th, 1918, which posterity will remember. This year representatives of all the troops who took part in the landing are to lay wreaths on the Cenotaph. Among those who will take part in the ceremony are, I hear, Sir Aylmer Hunter Weston (on behalf of the 29th Division) and Sir Leslie Wilson, the late Governor of Bombay (on behalf of the Naval Division).

I hope the Press will give up calling April 25th Anzac Day, a solecism which must be as annoying to the Australians and the New Zealanders as to everyone else. The actual landing at Anzac Cove was a far easier task than at either of the Southern beaches, though the attacks on the Australian outposts on the first night were more severe than at Cape Helles.

Sir Ian Hamilton has told us in his diary how he was called at midnight to take the decision to hold on at Anzac in face of reports which hinted not obscurely at the risk of disaster. Few single decisions by any commander-in-chief can have called for more courage, or a higher sense of personal responsibility.

## Fanatics in India.

THE Indian Constitutional crisis has been overshadowed by the bomb outrage in the Indian Parliament. Actually the refusal of the Indian legislators to proceed with the bill conferring adequate powers on the Government to deal with sedition is a far more damning indictment of the capacity of India for self-government than the mere wickedness of a handful of fanatics.

Wicked and passionate men discontented with obscurity are common to all nations. It is when the chosen representatives of a people show themselves incompetent to lead that judgments can be passed. And they must not be shirked. Lord Irwin has in effect suspended—as he has power to do—the working of the Indian constitution. Dyarchy, faced with a crisis, has failed, not for any lack of trying, but because of the apparently ineradicable obsession of Indian

politicians with words and forms. When the people of India, by which I mean, of course, the Hindu lawyers and their supporters, learn that "the letter killeth" self-government for India will become a possibility. Till that time it will remain a sham, and by the mere fact of being a sham, will create far more discontent than it cures.

Which leads me to hope that Sir John Simon and his colleagues will avoid the pitfall into which all recent constitution makers have fallen. This pitfall is, of

course, the temptation to win popularity by producing a constitution which looks democratic while salving their consciences by introducing at the back door a number of "safeguards" which lead inevitably to paralysis and irritation.

## Government by Assassination.

THE providential escape of the members of the Indian legislature in the recent bomb outrage reminds me that the failure of so many attempts to blow up Parliaments, from Guy Fawkes onwards, is perhaps the only sign that these institutions are kindly regarded by Providence. Certain it is that in the long and tragic record of political assassination the conventional politician has enviable immunity. Cicero is the only name in ancient days that occurs to me of an orthodox senator whose speeches were sufficiently important to cost him his life.

In our own history, it is noteworthy that no English politician has been assassinated in England for three centuries with the exception of Percival, shot by a lunatic who sent himself to the gallows because the astonishing force and lucidity of the speech he made in his own defence discounted his own plea of insanity. But mad he must have been, all the same. No sane man cared tuppence about the blameless Percival.

## The New Poor.

THE conviction for fraud of a German prince of high birth reported a few days ago from Berlin revealed a pathetic state of want and ineptitude among some of the inhabitants of the Almanach de Gotha. But many of them have adjusted themselves to their new circumstances in a way which ought to command the admiration

of those honest democrats who can never be quite sure whether a duke's son is as good as a dustman's. Statistics recently published regarding the activities of the Hapsburgs showed that many of these had made good in business, while a casual glance among the cast of an international film the other day revealed a lady named Esterhazy, who, although she may have taken the name quite lightheartedly, may equally possibly be a member of that famous noble family.

I well remember my own surprise on being introduced to a scion of a German princely house a year or so ago when his Royal Highness turned out to be a rather pathetic little man who wanted to get goods on credit.



*England's record breaker returns home, Major Segrave, who beat the world's speed record at Daytona Beach, Florida, acknowledges the plaudits of the crowd on his arrival.*



*The return journey to India from Croydon has been completed in fifteen days, and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Vyell Vyvyan had made the double journey, having been a passenger on the first outward-bound machine. The passengers (left to right) are:—Sir Geoffrey Salmond, Sir Samuel Hoare (who joined the machine at Alexandria), Miss Chetwynd, Viscount Chetwynd, Sir Vyell Vyvyan and Captain O. P. Jones, the pilot.*



### Our Indian Air Mail.

I WAS talking yesterday to "Neon," the anonymous author of the "Great Delusion," and the chief exponent of the views of those who regard the development of flying with scepticism, about the successful start of the Indian Air Mail. I found him by no means inclined to regard this very interesting achievement as a contradiction of his theories. "The Air Mail will go on as long as the subsidy lasts, and not a day longer," was his comment, which he went on to amplify by explaining that the cost of carrying a given quantity of goods for an "air mile"—a unit of distance which has no relation to a mile as measured on a map—was so infinitely greater than that of any other form of transport that the Air Mail could never compete either with the cable for speed or with the mail for economy. Naturally, I asked about the chances of further developments which would neutralise these arguments. His answer was that the giant aeroplane is actually as uneconomic as the giant liner, the super-dreadnought, and as the other "super" products of this age of giants. I wonder.

I ought to explain, perhaps, that I was really only talking to half of "Neon." The "Great Delusion" was the product of a collaboration. However, I must say no more, for fear of giving away a well-kept secret, known only to a few hundred Naval officers, whose silence has been all that might have been expected from the Senior Service.

### Lord Grey.

MOST people, I imagine, had forgotten the existence of the Liberal Council until last week, when Lord Grey announced on its behalf his views of the duties of the members at the forthcoming Election. If I summarised Lord Grey's advice as "Vote for Mr. Lloyd George, but don't believe quite every word he says," I should not, I think, be doing either party injustice.

I fear, however, that very few people will take this advice. The new Liberal Party will draw to its support not the old-fashioned individualists, but the younger generation who find the vague generalities of orthodox Labour rather too dull. Mr. Lloyd George has indeed revived the Liberal cause by placing it on the left, not on the right, of Labour in all save the name. With his infallible instinct, for realities, he has seen that State Socialism is as dead (as a political issue) as Home Rule. The political question of the day is quite simple: How much is anyone going to give, and to whom?

Mr. Lloyd George has outbid his rivals, and will profit by it, as, from the purely tactical point of view, he deserves to do. But Lord Grey's support will hardly help him. No one associates that most retiring of Whigs with the dynamic qualities which the young voters look for in the leaders of their choice.



*The first political broadcast. The Rt. Hon. Sir L. Worthington Evans, Secretary of State for War, speaking from 2 L.O.*

### The White Man's Burden.

I AM interested to see that Lieut.-Colonel T. H. Chapman, after thirty-five years in the Government Service in Ceylon, is in complete agreement with the authors of "White Cargo," and all the other "dusky-vamp" plays, about the degenerating influence of the tropics.

I am always pleased to find another instance of Nature following art, and I wonder whether there will be a still further falling-off in the number of young men ready to shoulder the "white man's burden." Which, said a malicious friend of mine in

one of his books, is usually a bag of the black man's gold. But the fact that the bag is more difficult to fill now, while the burden is certainly no lighter, may have something to do with it.

### "Major Barbara."

THE night of the Booth Centenary Celebration, I went to see Shaw's "Major Barbara," itself nearing its quarter-centenary. I cannot agree with the author that the play has worn well. It subscribes to the myth of the "big" business man, ruthless, dynamic, superbly efficient, controlling from behind the scenes, to his own ends, all the well-intentioned activities of philanthropists, politicians, and world-improvers of all types.

We all thought it might be something like that in the years after the South African

War, but my own experience in the Ministry of Food, and those of hundreds of others in other war ministries, was a conclusive answer. For one efficient business man there are two inefficient ones, just as there are in the case of soldiers, sailors, tinkers, and tailors. And the best business men are too fully occupied in running their businesses to bother with politics, religion, or anything else. Our modern era has produced Henry Ford, Foch, and Mussolini, three born men of genius with great will power and force.

Not one of them is representative of his class or profession. The myth of the big business man controlling vast destinies by pressing buttons is a Victorian illusion. That is why Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells persevere with it.

Actually, the unsolved problem of the age is *how* to control the vast business organisations which economic necessity is bringing into being. If Mr Shaw would write a new play about this living problem it would be more interesting.

### Vital Statistics.

WHILE the newspapers are busy discussing the statistics of births and deaths, for last year, politicians are taking more interest in those for 1915, 1916, and 1917. For in these years the birth rate was exceptionally low, and the next three years will therefore see an exceptionally small number of people entering the labour market. The results are bound to be cumulative and most helpful to whatever Government is in power, though it would be too much to expect that any Government will refuse the credit for them.

It is not the way of governments to refuse credit for anything which may provide a way out of a difficulty, however accidental it may be. We may expect to see any of the Parties laying claim to whatever advantages may accrue from these statistics in the future.

The great authority on statistics of this kind is Professor Bowley, who is a man with a very practical mind, and knows more about prices and vital statistics than anyone else in this country, with the possible exception of Mr. S. P. Vivian, the Registrar-General. Mr. Vivian is one of our literary Civil Servants, and has edited at least one admirable early English text for the Oxford University Press. He has only made one bad mistake in his life, that when he shut up two thousand girls in the Imperial Institute during the war and kept them waiting there to count meat coupons which never came. Mr. Vivian was then Director of Rationing, but the clang of knitting needles in South Kensington led to a modification of his scheme.

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*General Dawes, who has been appointed American Ambassador to Great Britain.*



*Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher opens a new school at Guildford. He is seen, with Mrs. Fisher, inspecting a sundial.*



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## "THE BRIGHTEST JEWEL."

FOR about ten years the British Government has been following in India the line of policy laid down by the late Mr. Montagu.

If we go back to the famous "pledge" of 1917 for the "progressive realisation" of responsible government, we find that it was made conditional upon "co-operation" and good behaviour. If India, in practice, proved itself fit for representative institutions it was to get them, but not otherwise. It is notorious that these conditions were imposed in the course of a long duel between Lord Curzon and Mr. Montagu inside the Cabinet. And what happened after the pledge was made rather increased than abated the Conservative statesman's uneasiness.

"I am made more and more uncomfortable," Lord Curzon wrote to Mr. Montagu on July 25th, 1918, "as successive steps are taken or proposed which appear to cut away, foot by foot, the somewhat precarious ground on which I stand." Even that courageous Radical, Lord Morley, was aghast at the vastness of the experiment. Mr. Montagu, he said, claimed to be his disciple; but, for his part, he thought that a fur coat, appropriate as it might be to the climate of Canada, was not a suitable garment for the sweltering plains of Bengal.

## "Progressive Realisation."

WHEN the pledge of 1917 was embodied in an Act of Parliament a couple of years later the condition of good behaviour was kept in mind. The provision was inserted that, after ten years, a Commission was to inquire into the working of the Government of India Act, and it is this Commission which has been perambulating India under the chairmanship of Sir John Simon.

The experience of that eminent Liberal has been wittily compared to a similar tour of investigation undertaken by an even more famous namesake, who went to see if "plums grew on a thistle." That Sir John has "pricked his fingers very much" is already obvious, although we have yet to wait for the "whistle" of his report. His tour in India has been one long record of painful experiences, of boycotts, riots, murder of police, and, lastly, the crescendo of the bombs thrown into the Legislative Assembly in Delhi, while Sir John was sitting in the distinguished strangers' gallery. As the frivolous poet wrote of a similar episode—

*But this sort of thing rather  
alters one's view  
Of those deeds that the history  
of Freedom is rich in,  
A bomb sheds a light that is  
startling and new  
On Liberty when it explodes  
in one's kitchen.*

Fortunately the Hindu is not a very skilful engineer; the pro-

blem of constructing a bomb which would massacre the Government party without injuring the Opposition was rather too much for his mechanical genius, so that only two or three occupants of the official benches were injured. Among them was Sir George Schuster, the Finance Member, and it is interesting to recall that his predecessor, Sir Basil Blackett, suffered from another, though less serious attack in the same assembly, when a writing-case was thrown on his head by a Bengali journalist from the gallery above. These painful experiences may be incidental to constitutional reform; but they are, nevertheless, shattering to the nerves of the reformer:

*In the struggle for Freedom a martyr to be  
Is a thing one might bear with an attitude stoical,  
But being chivvied by people who want to be free,  
To good Liberals, seems the reverse of heroic.*

The further, in fact, that the Government goes in this policy the worse things become. This might be a sign to the ordinary man that the policy was wrong; but politicians think differently. The outrage has drawn a chorus from the Liberal and Socialist Press of exhortations not to allow such a trifle to interfere with the grant of self-government to India.

## The Plums of the Thistle.

IF a policy may be judged by its fruits one might observe that the decade during which the Montagu scheme has been working in India has been among the most unhappy of that country's history. It was ushered in—Diarchy had been promised although not then in actual operation—by the rebellion of 1919, and ever since there has been an unusually rich crop of riots, massacres and faction fights in the principal cities of India. In the recent troubles in Bombay, described as a Hindu-Moslem Civil War, 162 people were killed and 600 wounded. Of course, it may be said that these troubles have nothing to do with diarchy; but they do suggest a weakening and degeneration of government. And as a matter of fact there is a real connection between these faction fights and the new system of politics, for the Hindu politicians work up crusades of fanaticism in order to gain power with the crowd, and even employ gangs of roughs to terrorise the opposition at the polls.

## Trouble Ahead.

MOREOVER, the whole administration of British India has been lowered and corrupted by the new influences introduced by a bastard system of Western politics. The agitators who swarm into office are governed by one ruling idea, to job as many as possible of their relatives, caste-fellows and co-religionists into the departments. The orgy of extravagance with which diarchy was initiated nearly brought the public finances to bankruptcy, and Sir Basil Blackett, a Treasury official, had to be sent out to save India from the costly consequences of its own reform! What would happen if it were to receive what the agitators demand, and the Socialists are willing to concede—"Dominion Home Rule"—in other words, self-government—staggers the imagination.

A whole complex of insoluble questions is even now being raised by the mere prospect of such a surrender.

Altogether, the more the scheme of giving India "progressive" self-government is considered the more dangerous it is seen to be. That it is not wanted by the mass of the people adds the last touch of irony to the situation.



Political Specialists (to rich client): "I assure you, sir, mine is the only remedy!"

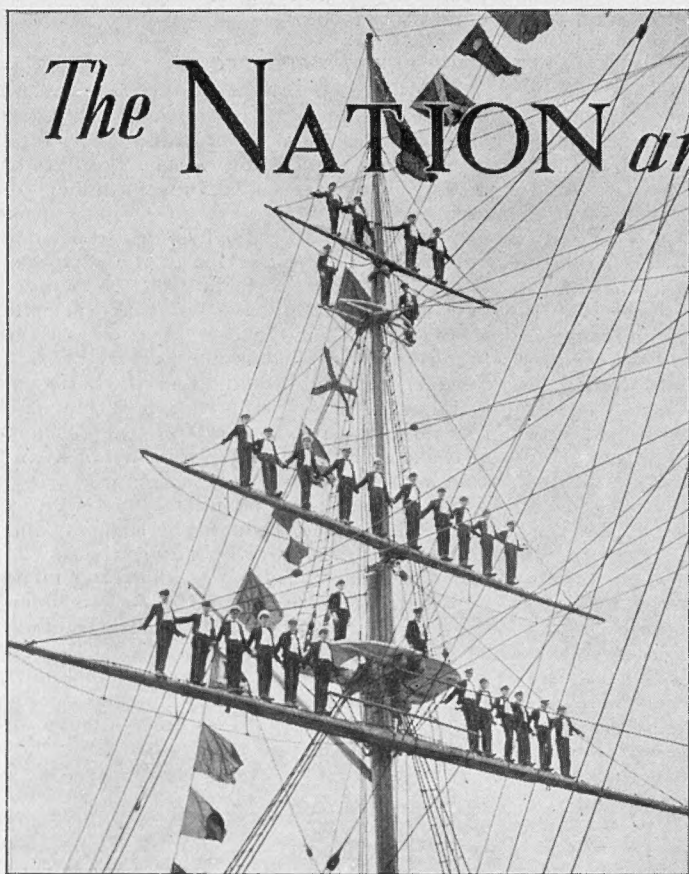


# The NATION and its SEAMEN

*Is all well with the Mercantile Marine?*

By Lt.-Commander the  
Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P.

*Hundreds of the best officers and men  
of the Merchant Navy are leaving  
the sea service because the rewards are  
not commensurate with the dangerous  
work and the heavy responsibilities.*



*Manning yards on H.M.S. "Worcester."  
Even to-day when sails are almost a thing of the  
past great importance is attached to training aloft.*

IT would be difficult to exaggerate the importance to the British Empire of our Merchant Navy. However much certain of the heavy industries of the country are suffering depression, and despite the persistence of unemployment in these and other important callings, our merchant shipping has held its own in face of very severe competition the world over. More than half the total tonnage of the world's merchant shipping sails under the Red Ensign. Food, manufactured goods, coal, mineral oil, and raw materials to the value of over £2,000,000,000 a year are carried to and from these shores in British merchant ships. In addition, we still have the lion's share of the carrying trade to foreign countries. Without the work done by the masters, officers, seamen, and firemen of our Mercantile Marine we could not exist as a nation at all. Railway traffic can be replaced by motor transport and *vice versa*; substitutes can be found for most shore-going services; but nothing can possibly take the place of our merchant shipping.

## THE VITAL RESERVE.

AS a reserve for the Royal Navy, the Mercantile Marine and its crews of British seamen are absolutely vital. In the late war 8,000 officers and more than 20,000 merchant seamen and fishermen served in the Royal Navy. These officers and men, and those who carried on the trade of the country in face of the submarine campaign, received the unanimous thanks of both Houses of Parliament after the war. If we are ever involved in another war, the mobility of our army, the supply of our Fleet, the feeding of this country, and the carrying on of our trade will absolutely depend on our Mercantile Marine. The nation, therefore, not only owes a debt of gratitude to its

## DANGERS OF NEGLECT.

NOW, from an unbiassed point of view, it will be admitted by those with knowledge of the true facts, and without axes to grind, that all is not well with the personnel. Out of sight, out of mind, is, I am afraid, particularly true of the Mercantile Marine. During the long period of trade depression, which has been almost world-wide, competition for freights and passengers has been heavy, there was a redundancy of war-built shipping after the Armistice, increased by the deliveries of reparation tonnage by Germany and Austria, and ship-owners cut down expenses to a bare minimum. And this parsimony, necessary no doubt under the circumstances, has been felt most hardly by the captains, officers, sailors, and firemen sailing on board our merchant ships.

Many reasoned excuses can be found for the shipowners who were forced into this policy. But the time has now been reached when, unless an improvement takes place in the status, conditions of service, pay and general prospects of the Mercan-

tile Marine, we shall fail to attract the best type of youth into the sea service. The effects of a falling off in the quality of our seamen, and especially the officers, will be felt in the years ahead of us.

With regard to their status, much good has been done by the direct association of Royalty for the first time with our Mercantile Fleet. Last year His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales adopted the title of Master of the Mercantile Navy and the Fishing Fleet. In future the correct designation should be the Royal Merchant Navy, or the Royal Mercantile Marine. A recognised uniform has been adopted for the officers generally, thus following the practice of the best steamship lines.

## URGENT NEED OF REFORM.

BUT status is not enough. Nor is mere sentimental gratitude, untranslating into practical reforms, sufficient. The conditions of service are badly in need of reform. Let us start at the bottom. There is no real and established system of training the right

type of young lads for the sea service unless their parents can afford to send them to one of the three recognised training establishments for officers. These three—H.M.S. *Worcester*, H.M.S. *Conway*, and the Pangbourne Nautical College—do fine work and turn out an excellent type of trained cadet or apprentice, who usually goes to sea in one of the big steamship lines and in due course receives his certificate as an officer. But the fees are substantial, and a poor boy, however suitable, must take his chance before the mast.

There are a few nautical training establishments, rather of the nature of maritime reformatories, to which, I am sorry to



*The Prince of Wales presents prizes to  
cadets on H.M.S. "Worcester," one of  
the three naval training establishments  
which are doing such admirable work in  
turning out a splendid type of officer.*



say, pig-headed magistrates still think it meet and right to send boys of bad character to be licked into shape and made into sailors. Some of them, it is true, turn out good seamen and make their way in the world. In any case the best of them find their way into the Royal Navy. There is no regular system of training poor boys for the Royal Mercantile Marine. Yet Germany, France, America, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, all of whom are our great rivals for the carrying trade of the world, think it worth while to take special steps to train boys for sea careers, apart from the training of young men for officers.

#### TOO MANY FOREIGN SEAMEN.

IT is an extraordinary thing, under all the circumstances, how many young seamen manage to find their way to the bridge as officers. And yet it is hardly surprising that shipowners actually complain of the lack of trained seamen and make it an excuse for employing the large numbers of foreigners carried in ships sailing under the Red Ensign.

There is a good deal of unemployment amongst sailors and firemen, and still more, proportionately, among officers. Yet 11,000 foreign seamen are carried in British ships, and 50,000 Lascars and other Asiatics. Many of these foreigners are good seamen and they are undoubtedly valuable reserves for their country's navies. But they are not available as recruits for His Majesty's Navy.

There are many ships sailing regularly out of British ports the whole of whose crews, other than a handful of officers, are Japanese. They are docile, well-disciplined, active, courageous, sober, and have many sterling qualities. It is a fine stroke of business for the organisers of the Navy of the Mikado, but it is not good business from the point of view of the British nation nor from the point of view of the British Board of Admiralty. As for the Lascars and other Asiatics, no doubt on certain tropical runs a percentage of these coloured men must be carried. They also have many good qualities, especially the Chinese, who make excellent seamen; but it is unfortunately only too true that in time of emergency they are liable to lose their head; and, especially in ships trading to England, unfortunate social results in the seaports follow from their employment in such large numbers. Most of them claim to be British subjects. The Arabs declare they are natives of Aden; but there are more Arab seamen afloat in British ships claiming British nationality than the whole population—men, women, and children—of the tiny Aden Protectorate.

And the Chinese all claim to come from Hongkong; but a large proportion of them cannot speak the dialect of that Crown colony. Fortunately, it is now the law of the land, and I take some pride in having been the direct author of the clause in the Aliens' Restriction Bill that has made this inhibition law, that the captain, chief officer, and chief engineer of every British merchant vessel must be British subjects. Apart from this, however, there are no restrictions. There are many large ships sailing the seas under the Red Ensign carrying British passengers and goods and insured by British underwriters, who only carry three British officers out of eight or nine navigating and engineering officers.

In the highest national interests it would appear desirable to restrict, gradually, the employment of foreigners in British ships. Very drastic laws preventing such employment of non-nationals are in force in France, Germany and the United States of America.

#### THE SEAMAN'S LOT.

NOW when our lad gets to sea, and presently is rated Able Seaman, what sort of conditions does he enjoy? The Able Seaman receives £9 a month; a boatswain, who may have been years at sea, and in any case must be a skilled seaman, receives £10 10s. a month! A fireman receives £9 10s. a month, and a first leading fireman £10 10s. a month. With this pay goes free food.

The victualling has improved greatly, thanks to wise Acts of Parliament before the war; but a further improvement is needed, and the Merchant Shipping Act is badly in need of revision. The cooking arrangements are not what they should be in many ships and there is a shortage of skilled cooks. The living conditions leave much to be desired, the crew quarters being cramped and badly ventilated in all too many cases; and there is a very general lack of proper washing and sanitary arrangements.

I have had many cases brought to my notice of ships engaged in tropical trades where there is an absence of awnings and ventilating fans. The conditions in certain of the well-managed lines are far better than in others. The trouble is that there are some black sheep amongst the shipowners. Some of the smaller lines are notorious in this respect, and I am afraid treat their men, both officers and seamen, very shabbily. Yet the good lines, where the better conditions prevail, are those that, as a rule, pay the best dividends.

Now, having served for four years before the mast or as an apprentice or cadet, our youngster can sit for his second mate's examination. A good general education is required for this, and the technical part of the examination is pretty stiff. However, having passed and received his second mate's certificate our friend must serve a year at sea in charge of a watch and is then eligible for his first mate's certificate.

Having served as mate for a further year and a half he can sit for his master's certificate. This examination is quite severe, and only first-class navigators can pass it. Less than 50 per cent. of those who sit actually get through. It may then be many years before a command is obtained. Indeed, the majority of the officers in all our larger ships, even the third and fourth officers in the liners, have their master's certificates.

#### DANGEROUS WORK.

BEFORE I deal with the question of the pay of officers it must be remembered that the Merchant Service is the most dangerous of all trades. Of deaths per thousand there are twice as many than amongst coal miners, and four times as many as in any other male occupation on shore. These figures are from the National Health Statistics. The following rates of pay are those agreed to by the Shipping Federation in consultation with the National Maritime Board.

The National Maritime Board is a kind of Whitley Council of the sea, and on it are representatives of the shipowners, the officers, the engineers, the seamen, the firemen, and the stewards. Its resolutions are only "Gentlemen's Agreements"; they have no binding legal authority and, in practice, are not universally carried out.

Some shipowners pay more than the Maritime Board rates; others less. The third mate in ships between 1,000 and 9,000 tons gross receives £11 10s. a month, and over 9,000 tons £12 10s. a month. Second mates for similar class of ships receive £14 10s. to £16 10s. a month, and first mates

between £17 and £24 a month. This includes free food.

#### POOR PAY AND PROSPECTS

NOW this is low pay, and there are no perquisites worth speaking of. And there is no pension or superannuation fund of universal application either to officers or men. There are a certain number of voluntary Seamen's Pension Funds that provide pensions for aged sailors; but they only touch a mere fraction of the personnel of the Royal Mercantile Marine. A number of the better lines have voluntary pension schemes for their officers. And one of the first reforms needed is a universal pension scheme for all officers and men of the Royal Merchant Navy. Otherwise, all they can rely on is the 10s. a week Old Age Pension at the age of 65; and even this is not available for the officers.

The officers have no unemployment pay or sick insurance, though the seamen, and firemen, and stewards have this. The Maritime Board has come to an arrangement by which all officers are entitled to fourteen days' leave a year with pay. In practice, however, *in very many cases this is never, or hardly ever, given.* It is common knowledge that in a great many lines and companies for an officer to ask for his leave on pay means his instant dismissal.

Which brings us to the grave disability of the crews of our merchant ships under which they have no security of employment at all. Masters, officers, and men are signed on for the voyage only; and at the end of the voyage they can be thrown on the labour market, unemployed, without any compensation at all. The work is arduous, and is actually harder in harbour than at sea.

#### OVERWORKED OFFICERS.

UNDER the law of the land at present the largest liner, say, for example, the *Mauretania* or *Laurentic*, can go to sea with only two certificated officers on board. In practice, of course, these large passenger ships carry more officers. But it is only this year that the Maritime Board has agreed that ships of more than 1,600 tons trading "foreign" must carry three certificated officers besides the master. This should go far to abolish the scandal of two officers keeping watch and watch, four hours on and four hours off, during the 24 hours, for weeks at a time.

But here, again, there is nothing legally binding, and already I hear of quite large ships proceeding to sea on long voyages with only two qualified officers besides the captain. This leaves no margin for sickness or accident; and it means that all the officers on board are permanently overworked.

It is hardly to be wondered at that hundreds of our best officers and men are leaving the sea service for ever. Unless conditions are improved along the lines I have indicated there will soon be a shortage of the right type of recruits for our Royal Mercantile Marine. The reputation of this vital service is high, its tradition of courage and devotion to duty magnificent; but these will not continue unless the rewards of the sea service are commensurate with its responsibilities and importance, and, at any rate, keep pace with the rewards of comparable callings on shore.

If the high reputation of the British Mercantile Marine is to be maintained, the conditions under which its personnel work, live, and die, must be progressively improved. And this in the highest national interest.





## How wags the world?

### THE FIRST NUMBER

contains an Indian miniature by Dr. Lion Feuchtwanger (author of "Jew Suss," etc.), called "Lady Warren Hastings."

STORIES by May Edginton; Major P. C. Wren (author of "Beau Geste"); William McFee; and Hector Bolitho.

ARTICLES by Clemence Dane; Evelyn Graham; Lord Birkenhead; C. B. Cochran; F. Matania, R.I.; Jacques Worth; Cosmo Hamilton; Lady Cynthia Asquith; and Warwick Deeping.

PICTURES by F. Matania, R.I., Stephen Spurrier, R.O.I., Forster, Arthur Watts, Gilbert Wilkinson, Harry Rountree, Lewis Baumer, R.I., Alfred Leete—in colour-gravure, and black and white.

A LOOSE MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN, having four coloured pages of pictures, stories and rhymes.

TWO PRESENTATION PLATES beautifully reproduced in full colour upon grained, heavy, art paper.

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What the world is thinking and saying: what the world of fashion is doing and enjoying. These are the concern of "Britannia & Eve," the new superbly illustrated monthly magazine for men and women.

On April 26th "Britannia" will cease to be published in its present form and will be merged in "Britannia & Eve" which combines cleverly, subtly, beautifully, the informative authority of "Britannia" with the acknowledged leadership in things-feminine of "Eve." It offers you—for one shilling monthly—a very wealth of entertainment. Amongst the 120 editorial pages of the first number is the announcement of a

### £1000 FILM COMPETITION

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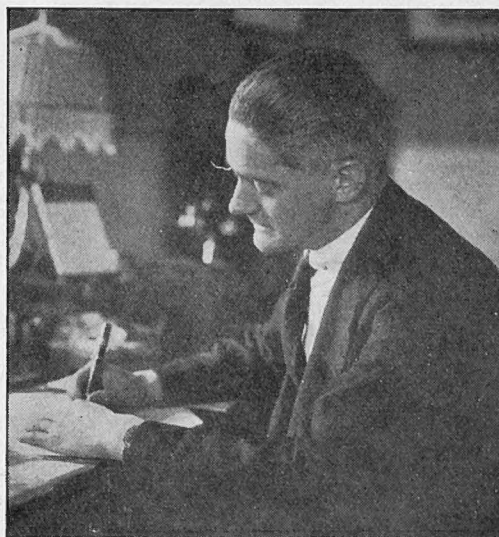


# A Captain of Industry

Sir William Morris

By Gerald Day.

*Sir William Morris, whose name is a household word, began his career by helping to build pedal cycles at a wage of five shillings a week. He is now a millionaire. The secret of his success is to be found in hard work.*



*Sir William Morris, the founder of the motoring firm which helped to make our roads British.*

**T**HERE are many stories of Sir William Morris, and most of them are wrong. Well-brought-up Oxford men who have never told a lie in their lives, will look you straight in the eye and tell you that Morris used to drive them when he was a taxi-driver plying in "The High." The numbers of peers reported to have backed him in his early days would form a small Debrett. He is supposed to be a poor man. He is said to be the richest man in England.

The facts about this restless, highly-strung, grim-jawed little man who rules a kingdom of thirty acres just outside Oxford, and who recently refused twelve million pounds for his crown and sceptre, are few. He seldom talks. Only once has he tried to write an article.

The secret of his success is hard work. The only man who ever helped him was his first employer. Morris, straight from school, was engaged to help build pedal cycles. The wage was 5s. a week. At the end of nine months, Morris thought the total of his week's labour was worth a shilling more. He asked for it. It was refused. He was so angry that he went straight into engineering.

He has had no luck since. Talk to him about his luck and he becomes cynical. And it isn't because he has had no luck.

"People," he once said, "sometimes put my success down to luck—lazy people—men who have failed."

## THE FIRST MORRIS CAR.

**H**E began planning the first Morris car when he was 33 years of age. It was an 8-9 h.p. job. Two years later, in 1912, he produced his first model. Like all the models that have been produced since, it was an instant success. Five hundred cars had been sold by the time War broke out.

Armageddon crowned those two years of unsparing incessant toil, and those who had jealously watched his growing success told him, not without a certain pleasure, that he was in

for a crash. He had a large factory on his hands and hundreds of employees.

But he smiled at the croakers. It was a nasty wallop from Fate at a critical time, but he had scrambled over similar obstacles before. He kept his head and incidentally his factory and all his men. He went up to London. A few months later, his driving energy was making life in the Straits of Dover particularly uncomfortable for German submarines.

It remained for the bureaucrats to recognise the work and quality of their Oxford servant. With a princely gesture, they installed him as Controller of his own factory and gave him £1,200 a year.

## WEALTH IN TEN YEARS.

**I**T was ten years later, and Morris was seated in the lounge of the South Western Hotel at Southampton prior to crossing to France by the night boat. He was no longer earning £1,200 a year. No one, except his inseparable confidential secretary who had come to the rescue with a shilling to pay for his chief's round of drinks, knew how much Morris was worth.

He was controlling eleven companies, employing 17,000 men, and giving work to

of every car in the factory by one hundred pounds," he said.

The manager blinked. He said it couldn't be done. He said it would mean a loss of £80 per car. He said that would mean a total loss of—

Morris smiled. "I know," he nodded. "And that's enough!"

The sequel to that act can be seen at Cowley to-day.

## NO INTEREST IN MONEY.

**E**CONOMISTS will tell you that there is such a thing as "saturation point." When Morris heard the phrase he asked someone what it meant. He is still waiting for an explanation.

Money doesn't interest him. He has not the slightest idea how to spend the money he already has. On one of his visits to America, he called upon a secretary of Carnegie, and explained that little difficulty. He was not surprised to find that Carnegie was in the same boat himself.

Hundreds of begging letters are sent Morris every day offering him a way out of the difficulty. He never sees these letters. He never gives to individuals. He refuses many popular causes. One famous fund sent in their appeal on cream-laid paper.

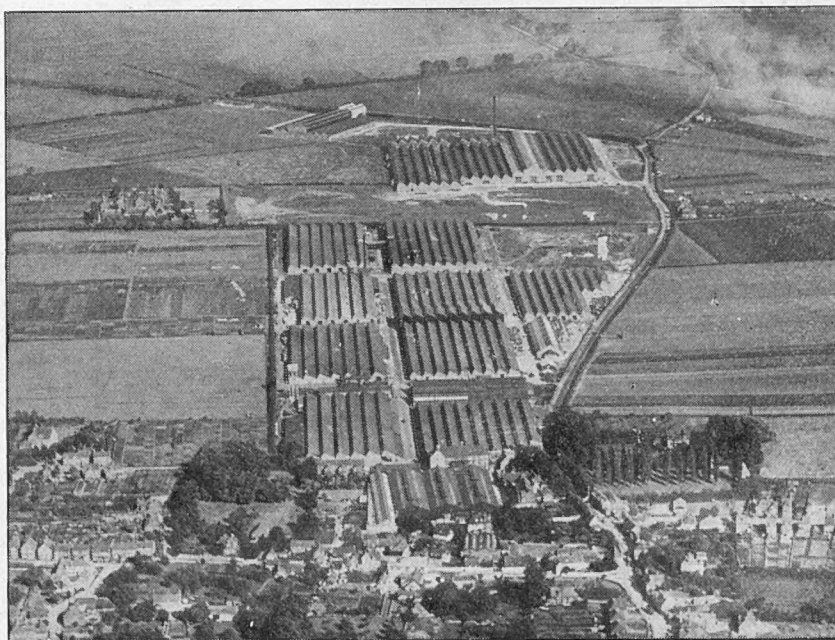
They never separated Morris from a penny of his wealth.

But, on another occasion, a welfare official connected with a famous institution for correcting criminally disposed youths, presented himself for £5,000 to make a certain reform possible. He got £100,000.

## A GREAT INDIVIDUALIST.

**H**E is a great patriot. He believes Great Britain will climb back to her industrial supremacy. He concedes nothing to the United States but admiration. He believes they can do nothing that we cannot do better. He is a great admirer of the British working man, and does his utmost to stop him going to the States.

It was in the States that he saw the benefits of a tariff.



*The Morris motor works are situated at Cowley, near Oxford, and occupy a large acreage, as will be seen from the above aerial view.*



# A Shilling in the Slot

By J. A. T. Lloyd

(Author of "Prestige," etc.)

*A story of an ill-used employee and his would-be helper, the wife of his managing director, who visits him on his sick bed and learns that he knows too much.*

THE taxi had been crawling through the mean, fog-drenched streets in the November evening when it pulled up at the entrance to one of those forsaken squares that are threatened on all sides by slums, whose decay they are already beginning to share.

"Yes, that's the spot sure enough, Miss. What number?"

But she was already on the pavement, and she paid him off without further parley. Cab and woman crawled away in opposite directions, but in equal obscurity. Tall, slim, unobtrusively dressed, she was gracefully enveloped as she picked her way, counting the shrouded, almost unlit houses one by one. It was all deathly still. It was too dark to see the number, but she ascended the steps of a wholly unlit house. She pressed the electric bell, and at last the door opened doubtfully; a pale-faced girl of sixteen, shielding a candle with her right hand, peered up at her anxiously.

"Mr. Hobson?" the visitor said in a low, distinct voice.

"Yes, mum. He's in, but he's been poorly. We're expecting the doctor."

The visitor had already pushed past her, shutting out the fog which had been streaming into the hall. "So he's ill, is he? I'm sorry to hear that."

"Oh, nothing serious, mum. Only the doctor promised to look in about nine; that's why I'm waiting. You see, mum, there's no one else in the house." She ushered the visitor into a small sitting-room on the ground floor. "What name shall I say, mum?"

"Just tell him that a lady wants to speak to him, in private; nothing more."

THE visitor waited impatiently; it was cold, and the gas stove was unlit. The thin candlelight accentuated rather than veiled the shabbiness of the scattered, nondescript furniture, the drabness of a standardised ornamentation with no hint of decoration.

The girl returned with a business-like air and escorted her to the next room, closing the door noiselessly after her. The sick man, muffled up in a thick, mouse-coloured dressing-gown was in bed, propped up by pillows. He was a man in the late fifties, unshaved, bald, and morosely dilapidated. He started at the

sight of his visitor.

"Mrs. Clouston! To think of seeing you here, madam. This is an unexpected honour indeed."

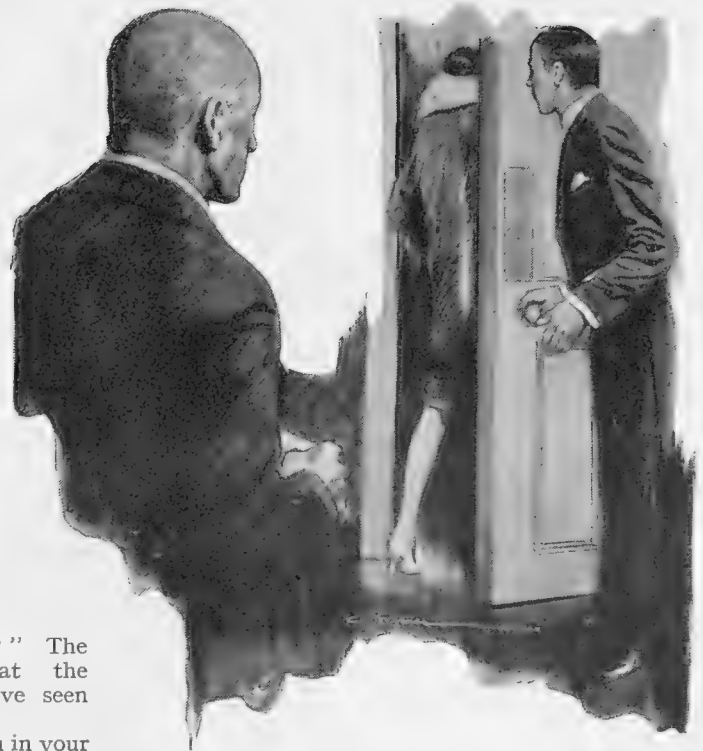
"So you recognise me?" The woman stood doubtfully at the bedside. "You can't have seen me, though, in the office?"

"Oh, I had a peep at you in your car, let me see, four years ago now, just after you got back from your honeymoon. I'm thinking it was the only time you ever came to meet Mr. Clouston," he wandered on reminiscently.

"Well," she said, "I may as well come to the point at once. My husband tells me you've got a grievance against the firm. There was a message this morning, saying that you weren't well, so I thought I'd come round and see what I could do to smooth things out."

He nodded and touched the electric bell between the bed and the door. The little servant came in. "Light the gas stove, Emmie, and bring a chair for this lady."

"Turn the gas low, girl. You're wasteful." He glanced at his visitor. "The fact is, I have to be more than careful, miserly, now. Here, Emmie," he placed a florin on the table at the far side of the bed between a syphon and a battered Swiss clock. "You'll



*"I only caught a glimpse of the silver grey opera coat, for Mr. Jack got her into his room pretty quick."*

take that to the chemist if there's anything wanted. But I don't believe anything will be wanted, for the doctor's bringing the sleeping draught himself."

"I'll wait in the kitchen, Mr. 'Obson." Emmie left them alone again.

"Yes, it's a real honour seeing you in my home, Mrs. Clouston." He rubbed his rough chin reflectively and smiled at the ceiling; she could just see his yellow teeth. "But for this chill and the sleepless nights on top of it I'd have been round to see Mr. Clouston to-day. I knew he was getting back from Africa this week. The fact is, I want a word with the senior partner of Clouston and Prouse."

"Is there anything that I can do?" she asked as she sat down at last on the wooden chair. The air was oppressive, the windows were obviously closed and barricaded by heavily barred shutters, just visible between the ponderous double curtains. Impulsively, she took out a cigarette case from her handbag and offered it to him.

"No, thank you. It starts me coughing. But I'll have the night-cap that I was putting off until after the doctor's visit." He rummaged under the table beside him, and poured out a liberal tumbler of whisky, which he sprinkled from the syphon. "Yes, yes, that's better. The fact is, it's a longish story. That's why I had the gas lit, though it isn't much that I can afford nowadays, Mrs. Clouston."

SHE replaced her cigarette case and smiled with less warmth in her dark eyes. "What is your grievance against the firm? From what my husband tells me, the former manager, Mr. Rayner,



*"What's that?" I said. I got a sick feeling all of a sudden."*



was a just, scrupulous man, and, of course, he had entire control while my husband was in Africa."

"There was the junior partner, though, young Mr. Jack Prouse. You mustn't forget him."

"Of course not. We know the Prouses quite well, my husband and I."

"Naturally. Anyhow, my grouse isn't against young Mr. Jack. He's not the one at the bottom of this business."

"I'm afraid you've got your knife into poor Mr. Rayner. I've never even seen him, but if you could tell me the story quietly, just in your own way, we might arrange something to help you out."

"Yes, it's a long story in itself, me and Frank Rayner, but you may as well hear it first as last."

"First as last," she echoed dubiously, but he was already intent on his story, to which she listened absent-mindedly. She hardly took it in, this long rigmarole about his start in the office when he was a boy of fifteen.

But suddenly something like passion stirred in his voice. He had given a "tip," it seemed, to Rayner in July, 1914; had prophesied not only war, but a long war: "Get the firm to buy and hold, let them go nap on it, put their private fortunes into it, sell out the gilt-edged things that will fall, and buy the things that will rise."

"I made Rayner put it to the two partners. Your husband took the gamble and more than trebled his private fortune, to say nothing of the firm's gains! They call it profiteering, as though it weren't in the nature of things as much as in the nature of men. Oh, the initiative came from me, though it was old Rayner who got the partners' thanks. And I not able to make a penny out of the scramble, just keeping my home together as best I could."

"Then, when Mr. Prouse died, three years ago, young Mr. Jack waltzes in as junior partner, looking up to Mr. Rayner, continuing the tradition of Frank Rayner." He rambled on in bitter reminiscence, filling in the picture of his failure with one acid detail after another.

"Really," she interrupted at last, "it's simply useless to go over all this again."

"LET me gabble on a bit longer," he pleaded, "and you'll see where it comes in, the real grievance."

He took another long pull at his tumbler, and glanced at the battered Swiss clock beside the siphon. "It's five minutes to nine. I'll have to hurry. Well, it began only last year. Mind you, I'd nothing against young Mr. Jack Prouse; he'd been kind to my boy, and his bride, whom I'd never set eyes on, had been nice to him as well. Besides, I'd nothing against old Rayner, though I'd slaved for him through the years. God, hadn't I just! attending to the things he'd forgotten, and straightening out his muddles, putting life and initiative—oh, yes, initiative—into what would have been just dead and drab. I was always working overtime."

"I understood the nature of our business all over the map. I drafted the circulars, checked them; I knew every traveller inside out, his good points and his weak points, who'd put his back into it and who wouldn't. I knew the whole staff like a book. I was right down intimate with all the little ins

and outs of a business house. Perhaps all this bores you, but the fact is, in the January of last year things were twisted in the office. It was worse than Rayner's usual muddle. I had to stay late. I brought my boy into the office of an evening to help me out."

"You see, I had my plans for him, for I was pretty certain of becoming manager in the autumn; we all knew old Mr. Rayner would be leaving in October on a liberal pension. Night after night we'd be on deck, my lad and I, all through his Christmas holidays. We'd be working in my own room, the whole house quiet as a vault. One night, steps on the private staircase, just opposite the manager's room, gave us

a bit of a start. 'Why, that must be young Mr. Jack and his bride,' I said to my boy,



*He sat up with a sudden gesture of his whole body, as though throwing off the burden of suppression. . . .*

'and that reminds me he hasn't put his signature to these papers. Suppose you go and ask him to do it now.' He took the papers and came back with them, duly signed. I remember his being pleased at Mrs. Prouse remembering him and saying something or other about his coming down to Wimbledon again."

"We heard them on the private staircase several times after this, but I never caught sight of anything more than her silver grey ermine-trimmed opera coat once or twice in the corridor."

"Well, my lad went back to school, but I had to work on extra time right into the summer. And many a time I'd hear voices in Mr. Prouse's room, a large comfortable room with a big sofa and easy chairs, with a dressing-room attached. He'd often come and dress for a dance or a dinner, even if he'd never shown up in the office the whole

day. He was jolly enough when I ran across him, but I noticed, once or twice, that he didn't seem to like my being about the place so long after hours; seemed to think I was nosing about too much, if you'll understand."

"Yes, yes, I understand, but I still don't see where any actual injustice, any genuine grievance is to be found." She looked him full in the face, as though fascinated by the half-closed, narrowed eyes that were becoming every second more and more malignant.

"I'm coming to that. It was the fifth of September last year, just a month after your husband went to Africa to visit his brother and examine certain properties. I happened to be working in Mr. Rayner's room when I heard voices on the private staircase again. I wanted a word with Mr. Jack on a matter of detail, so I opened the door, but I only caught a glimpse of that silver grey opera coat, for Mr. Jack got her into his room pretty quick and then turned back to me. 'Can't understand what on earth you've got to do in the manager's room as late as this, Mr. Hobson.' He spoke stiff enough, and when I started to explain he went off to his own room in a huff. Hullo, that must be the post."

EMMIE came in with a letter, which he opened eagerly, without asking for permission. It was a typewritten letter from a city firm, his visitor noted impassively, as he replaced it in the envelope with a satisfied smile.

"Now, to finish my story before the doc. butts in. I just went on working without bothering my head over Mr. Jack's chipping me about over-zeal. There was a lot to do and I was leaving for my holidays the very next day. Three weeks I was getting, and when I returned I was expecting to be manager of Clouston and Prouse. I couldn't keep it out of my head as I worked. I was thinking of it when Mr. Jack Prouse comes in, looking a bit anxious, but this time as civil as you please: 'I

say, old bean, my missus is feeling a bit queer. I wish you'd get this flask filled with brandy.' I took the flask and the treasury note, and hurried out."

"I wasn't away ten minutes, but there was no sign of them in Mr. Prouse's room when I got back. I didn't think much of it; as likely as not she'd got all right again while I was away. Perhaps they'd gone off to a dance together or, maybe, to the second act of a play. Mr. Jack often skipped the first act, that he did. The room looked particularly cosy; I noticed a bunch of roses in a bowl on the centre table which hadn't been there in the afternoon. You see, I would be in and out of all the rooms more or less, and Mr. Prouse's room was often used for rather special visitors, when the ordinary waiting-room was a bit crowded."

"Don't you think you could skip some of the detail, Mr. Hobson?" his visitor suggested in that gentle, lenient tone which somehow failed conspicuously to sooth the sick man.

"I was always one for details; I ran across one then and there. Under the sofa cushions, which were a bit ruffled, what do I see but a lady's handbag. Just about the same size as the one you're holding now,



Mrs. Clouston, only a different colour. Naturally, I thought that it must be Mrs. Prouse's, but I wasn't sure. Anyhow, I opened it. There were six treasury notes, three one pounds and three little tens, a powder puff, a small looking-glass, a lace handkerchief, but not real lace; nothing of any great value. The bag might have belonged to anybody. There was no card-case, but I found a telegram that I thought might be a clue to ownership."

"I see, a telegram," Mrs. Clouston said politely.

HER host nodded. "It was about a bungalow in a place called Pilbury, and it had been handed in at Newhaven. I locked it in a drawer together with the flask and Mr. Jack's change in an envelope, a

hear that cough of his this very minute, and I can hear what he said, 'There's been a letter from Mr. Jack Prouse this morning, Mr. Hobson, that gives a different look to things in this office. He's going to be the general manager himself, and that's all there is to it.'

"What's that?' I said. I got a sick feeling all of a sudden. Everything seemed to be slipping away from under my feet. It's a funny feeling that, Mrs. Clouston. I hope, for your own sake, that you'll never get it yourself."

"I know, Mr. Hobson, but really——"

"Wait a bit. As you're here, you're going to listen. I had to listen then, and now it's your turn. Rayner began telling me that I was a bit too old for the office, though, mind you, he was twenty years my senior.

I couldn't speak for the rage in me and the choking feeling of being beaten. He said that my full salary would be paid till the end of the year. I should have the cheque on the Monday morning, sent by post, unless I liked to come in to clear up, and so on. After that it was to be good afternoon and thank you.

"For the life of me, I couldn't say anything. It didn't seem to me to be Rayner talking. No, he was just wound up to say the things he said. There was someone behind him, and it wasn't Mr. Jack Prouse. No, it wasn't Mr. Jack who'd wound him up. I knew it even then. No, no, no. There was someone else."

"What do you mean by someone else?"

"I got it into my head that a woman was working behind my back, working to get me out of the way. I was sure of it; but I said nothing, only just mumbled that I'd be back in the office on Monday morning to get my cheque and clear my room a bit, and then I went out to think. I rang up Mr. Prouse at his private address, only to hear that he and his wife had gone out of town for the week-end. Then I went down to join my family at Blackrock; we were staying with old friends; my daughter was engaged to the son.

"My little bit of capital was mostly meant to give them a start in a business that I had investigated carefully. Things had looked right enough for the whole lot of us, with the boy coming in under me as manager towards the end of the year. And here was the whole house of cards crashing down before my eyes. For no reason on God's green earth. Lord, it was a bitter

home-coming for me that day. I simply hadn't the heart to speak about it. I couldn't tell them. I just had a bite of lunch and wandered off across the downs by myself, thinking, thinking every step of the way through the bungalows of Peacehaven on to Newhaven, but never getting any for-rader.

"Newhaven put Pilbury into my head. If I could only get a word with Mr. Jack Prouse now, I thought, I'd make him see things a bit through my spectacles. There was the excuse of the bag locked up in my drawer at the office. I made enquiries and found it was just a little hamlet some seven or eight miles inland across the downs. I didn't want to go home, and I trudged off to Pilbury. There wasn't even a post office, only a patch of cottages. It was

easy to find the bungalow, for there was only one of them; everybody knew it, tucked away in the woods half-way down a lane connecting with the main road.

"I trudged along the lane to have a look at it, anyway. It was the quietest hiding-place I've seen in all my life. I went to the door and asked for Mr. Prouse. They'd never heard of him or of Mrs. Prouse either. It was a 'Mr. and Mrs. Marsden' who'd rented the bungalow, and they were out. I'd had my walk for nothing, but I strolled about a bit, wondering how to put things together. You see, I was desperate, not so much to see Mr. Jack as to see Mrs. Prouse. For it was a woman at the back of this business, I was dead certain of that."

"But you didn't see Mrs. Prouse, after all?" his visitor asked in her low, even voice, this time just touched with the strain of overtaxed politeness. Then, as the bell rang again, she rose to her feet. "It must be the doctor. I'll wait in the next room and hear the rest of your story afterwards. Then we'll see if there's anything practical to be done. We must put our heads together, my husband and I."

He laughed raucously. "Yes, yes. The three of us must put our heads together, you and I and Mr. Clouston."

SHE left it at that and passed noiselessly into the sitting-room, just as Emmie was on the point of opening the hall-door. The candle was still burning on the centre table where it had been left. She didn't turn on the electric light; the dimness suited her in this setting, it seemed. She could hear Emmie slipping back into the kitchen humming morosely. The next moment she caught the doctor's voice. He seemed to be buzzing about the room like a gigantic bumble-bee. She heard the repeated warnings to have the felt kept in front of the door all through the night. Then the hearty voice shouted once more, "You'll be right as rain in the morning."

A minute later he was out in the hall, and Emmie rushed to ask if there was anything to fetch from the chemist. No, there was nothing to fetch from the chemist; and then Mrs. Clouston hurried to the door of the sick room as Emmie extinguished the electric light in the hall.

"I think I'll be going now, madam," she said. "There'll be nothing more wanting until the morning."

"Don't go just yet. I shall want you to get me a taxi. Stay in the kitchen till I call you." She entered the sick room to find Mr. Hobson in the act of swallowing a cachet. Then he helped himself to a stiff whisky and soda, which he drank hurriedly with his back turned to her. "I hope there's a good report," she began tentatively. "I'd like to be able to tell my husband that your health at all events is satisfactory."

"I'll be telling that to your husband myself before I'm many hours older. That letter was from him. He'll see me all right. Make your mind easy about that." For the first time there was a perceptible snarl in his voice, something different from the old resentment, the old grievance; something definitely threatening.

She nodded, her eyes cold and intent as they fixed themselves on the drawn, greyish face. "Good. I'm sure everything will arrange itself when my husband grasps your point of view. To get back to your story, apparently you didn't see Mrs. Prouse after all?"

"No, I didn't see Mrs. Prouse. I was back at the office on the Monday morning. I made a parcel of Mr. Jack's flask and the change in an envelope and placed it on his



... She watched him, fascinated, the large expressive eyes narrowed and concentrated.

drawer in my own room, intending to see Mr. Jack about it the next day. He didn't turn up, and, to tell you the honest truth, I was pretty nearly forgetting all about it, for I had an important interview with Mr. Rayner that very morning."

"I see you're coming to the grievance at last."

"Rayner was different, stiffish. I saw it at once. He didn't even ask me to sit down. I began about my holidays and how I was looking forward to something on a bigger scale when I got back. He coughed and cleared his throat. I can see him now. Then he started about my contract being up at the end of the year. I told him straight that I was looking for something better than that.

"He coughed again and stood up. I can



desk. I replaced the handbag under the cushions where I had found it. I kept an eye on the room though, and I saw Mr. Jack enter it about half an hour afterwards. He was off out of the building before I could get a word in edgeways with him. I went straight into his room and both the parcel and the bag were gone; the little handbag was on its way to its owner all right. That much was clear; it was all right for them, but things went badly for me.

"The worry of it all made my wife ill—she was my second wife, you know; we'd only been four years married. It broke my poor Mabel, it did, and she died in childbirth before the year was out. My son couldn't find a job, and he drifted off to Buenos Ayres. My daughter's engagement came to nothing. Oh, it's the ordinary, commonplace little story—what it means to be turned out suddenly just to suit the private plans of someone lurking in the background. My daughter's overseas, too, and doing badly. I'm alone in the world. The little I saved I put into an annuity. Well, that's how it is when you get in the way of a woman, Mrs. Clouston. God, they know how to strike, just don't they?"

"We must see what can be done," the other muttered. "It's a hard case, but we must think it out. But perhaps you're misjudging poor Mrs. Prouse after all?"

HE sat up with a sudden gesture of his whole body, as though throwing off the burden of suppression, his arms stretched out in front of him, his lean hands, yellow as his teeth, gripping at something invisible, as if they were closing on a human throat. She watched him fascinated, the large expressive eyes narrowed and concentrated; all the glow and warmth had died out of them.

"Mrs. Prouse, indeed! It wasn't her; she never injured me or mine. But it's no use talking; there's only one person in the world who will give me justice, and that's your own husband. He'll know to-morrow who's been serving him faithfully. By the Lord Harry he will. Yes, yes, he'll know."

"Know what?" she whispered, as she rose to her feet smiling faintly.

"The truth, the truth at last. Mrs. Prouse wasn't the only woman in London with a silver grey opera coat edged with ermine, not she!"

He laughed savagely. "It was a good copy all right. I'll give you that. Now I must be getting to sleep. If you knew the nights I've been brooding and brooding, you'd understand. You may be feeling like it yourself before very long. I can have the second, the doctor said I might have it if necessary." He swallowed another cachet and glanced round the room. "It's cold here again. The fire's gone out. Well, it doesn't matter till the morning. Emmie'll be wanting the two-shilling-piece in the morning and the things for my breakfast, and there's my 'bus fare to the City. The little things count when a man gets to my state. Thank you for your visit." He looked up at her as she turned towards the door without offering her hand. "Good night,

Mrs. Marsden," he said hoarsely just as she was closing the door.

THE next instant she could hear him lurching his long lean body out of the bed on to the floor. He was chuckling hoarsely as he turned the key in the lock. Then she could hear the roll of felt being pressed against the door, the electric light was switched out, and the gaunt body threw itself back into the bed. There was utter silence in the house. The kitchen door was closed. She waited for intolerable seconds in the dark corridor. She tiptoed into the next room and extinguished the candle, waiting in the darkness to collect her thoughts. Then she stole once more to the door of the next room. It was easy to catch that heavy, stentorian breathing. The heavy sleeping draught had already done its



*The next instant she could hear him lurching his long lean body out of bed on to the floor.*

work. She tiptoed to the hall-door, unlocked it and peered out.

When she closed it the little servant was creeping along the corridor towards the hall. "Emmie, the fog's dreadful," she whispered. "I believe I am getting a chill just like poor Mr. Hobson. Don't take your outdoor things off but just get me something hot, even if it's only hot water."

"I could make you a cup of tea, mum, but the gas has run out. I tried it ten minutes ago for some cups that I had forgotten to wash up. You remember, mum, how I warned Mr. 'Obson that another shilling would be wanted."

Mrs. Clouston opened her handbag. "I believe I've got change myself. Here are two shillings, but don't disturb Mr. Hobson on any account; it doesn't matter about the change. One of the shillings is for yourself,

Emmie, and if you find me a taxi you shall have half a crown as well." Something like a gurgle of delight came from the child's throat as she rushed back to the kitchen. Mrs. Clouston caught the grating click of the meter through the open kitchen door. Then she called in a low voice.

"Come along, Emmie, at once. Don't bother about the hot water; I've changed my mind, for I believe there's a taxi right in the square."

But by the time they were out of the house, at all events, there was no sound of a taxi, no sound indeed of life other than their own footsteps as they scurried past the stricken houses, each silhouette accepted indifferently by the fog as so much fresh nutriment. They were close to the canal before Emmie broke the silence that had been imposed upon her by her companion's manner. "Mr. 'Obson will be wondering about the gas lasting, after me telling him it was running short and the fire out in the bedroom and all. I'll have to explain, mum, about your doing it on your own. What had I better say, mum?"

"Tell him, Emmie, that Mrs. M. gave it him just for luck."

"I'll remember that, mum, sure thing. Why, they call me 'M' at home, so I couldn't forget that if I tried." Her companion leaned against the parapet of the canal and fumbled in her handbag. "Here's the half-crown, Emmie. I'll pick up a taxi by myself. Go home at once, you're cold."

The girl accepted the half-crown gratefully and then she started, "Why, mum, you feel the cold worse than I do." She peered up at her through the clammy darkness. "Your teeth is chattering something terrible, mum."

"Never mind about me, Emmie. Remember your message to Mr. Hobson in the morning."

"Yes, mum, I will that."

THE other swayed slightly and leaned still more heavily against the parapet, looking long and searchingly into the child's anxious face, as though incredulous that, scrupulously truthful as Emmie was, she would ever deliver that particular message. The child seemed to divine something curious in the other's attitude for she said in a frightened whisper:

"It does take one funny sometimes, the fog, the lonesomeness of it, and the 'error.'"

THE END.

#### POETRY COMPETITION.

*The Poetry Competition announced in the issues of BRITANNIA of October 19th, 26th, November 2nd, November 9th closed to-day (April 19th). Would any competitors who have not been asked to re-submit poems returned to them kindly forward these as soon as possible to The Editor,*

BRITANNIA,

Inveresk House, Strand.

London, W.C.2

*Envelopes should be marked "Poetry Competition" in the left-hand corner.*

# Personality on the FILMS

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

I AM more and more impressed with the importance of personality on the screen—ever so much greater than the not insignificant value of the same asset on the stage. This, indeed, is one of the comforting thoughts that solace me when I think of the talkies and the awful though faint possibility of their survival after the point when curiosity has been sated.

For when you make your screen characters speak, they promptly proceed to shed individuality; they are turned into a party of



Gustav von Seyffertitz and Greta Garbo in "The Mysterious Lady," a spy film of the Austrian army.

Greta Garbo dominates the picture, "The Mysterious Lady," at the Empire. With her is Conrad Nagel.

Chaplin, who is repelled by the idea of the talking picture—as not only bad art but bad everything else. To return to the matter of personality. I have found its paramount significance "on the pictures" signally emphasised in several of the films I have seen lately. There is Miss Greta Garbo for one. She—or her *simulacrum*—has been appearing at the Empire in a quite excellent drama called *The Mysterious Lady*. This has been photographed and produced in a most

and shootings we arrive at one of those incredibly "happy" endings that to-day only the cinema (for the modern theatre has got past that) can supply.

## THE LAUDER TOUCH.

SIR HARRY LAUDER—in his day one of the great personalities of the "halls," worthy to rank with Marie Lloyd, Dan Leno, and a few other shining ones, of whom Will Fyffe seems to me the only modern representative—is another example of this outstanding influence of personality on the screen. His new film, *Auld Lang Syne*, is poor stuff so far as story or incident goes; yet the acting of Lauder, his comic genius as translated in facial expression and the movements of that ugly and ungainly little body, are so superbly right as to make one almost forget the poverty of his material.

In this picture Sir Harry is a Scotsman, name of McTavish, who lives somewhere away in the Far North, but has a son and daughter in London, for whose moral welfare in such a sink of southern iniquity he naturally fears. So he journeys thither on a paternal commission of inquiry, only to find his worst apprehensions realised—his son is training to be a boxer and his daughter *ditto* as a dancer. However, in the end all's well, though (as you may have guessed) not before the old-time star has done one or two of his celebrated song-and-dance turns.

## MINUTES LIKE HOURS.

NOT at all a bad affair really, though including several yawns. What a pity it is British producers don't seem to see them coming! This Lauder film for example—very nice, but there were minutes that seemed hours while the principal comedian was stalking slowly about the room or arranging his face to be more than usually devastatingly funny.



The plot of "Baby Cyclone" at the Empire hinges on the trials of a Pekinese dog which barked its protest when being "made-up." Aileen Pringle, on whose lap is seen "Cyclone," and Lew Cody appear in the above picture.

clever mechanical parrots. This potted chat is bound, I suppose, in time to get somewhere very much nearer artificial perfection than at present, but it is equally doomed to be always plangently artificial. That is death to personality, which can only exist in an atmosphere that is at any rate apparently real.

## THE PERSONALITY OF GRETA GARBO.

There is yet another thing, of course, that has been very fortunate for Mr. Charlie



"Baby Cyclone" is a farce comedy of married life in which the Lew Cody-Aileen Pringle star partnership scores another success.



# The SOCIETY THRILLER

By Maitland Davidson

*There is a vogue for a new type of melodrama known as the Society Thriller, some specimens of which are discussed by our contributor.*

**D**O sporting people who live in large country houses really make such a rule and a point of being so outrageously rude as some of our younger dramatists apparently want us to think? Lately in *Fame* Miss Audry and Miss Waveney Carten sketched us a picture of the engaging ways and habits of a group of people in the "hunting set" in one of the shires, including a lord and lady or two.

There was an earlier portrait of similar hunting people by Mr. Noel Coward in *The Young Idea*, in which his *hochwohlge-borene* characters also proved themselves a crowd of ill-behaved, as well as immoral, Tony Lumpkins of both sexes. And now in his first play, *The Stag*, at the Globe, Mr. Beverley Nichols has introduced us to a house-party up in Scotland, composed of persons who shoot stags and pursue the nimble salmon, most of the members of which are incredibly rude to a very distinguished actor who arrives as a guest.

## THOSE TERRIBLE "SPORTSMEN".

**I** TAKE it that Mr. Nichols, as well as Mr. Coward and the Misses Carten, have stayed in houses of the kind each has used as a background. I do not suggest for a moment that they have drawn on their imagination for their facts any more than on their memory for their jests. No doubt they have met somewhere at some time specimens of such "sportsmen" as they limn for us with such entertaining savagery. But can they place their hands on their hearts and declare that they ever came across a hall, or court, or manor, however saturated with this "county" and "sporting" spirit, that was exclusively populated with not merely brainless but mannerless Yahoos?

Frankly, I don't believe it. The type represented is fair game—far fairer than the noble antlered animal against whose stupid slaughter Mr. Nichols voices a protest with which a growing majority of us will sympathise. But I must decline to credit it with such universality as here ascribed, and the exaggeration of this element is one of the weaknesses of this play, as it must be of any similarly written.

## THE SOCIETY THRILLER.

**T**HE STAG is, indeed, like *Fame* in more ways than one. It is



*The sporting house party. The host (Athole Stewart) in "The Stag," at the Globe, has a high regard for the villain (Eric Maturin, right) because of his prowess with rifle and rod.*



*"The Man at Six." Denis Neilson-Terry and Mary Glynn in the new play at the Queen's.*

another example of a variety of play which Sir Gerald du Maurier has shown a particular fondness for of late years, and has probably thus invested with a kind of vogue. It may be described, roughly, as high-class melodrama, or the Society Thriller.

In the Society Thriller, as in other forms of melodrama, the colours are naturally painted in bold splashes of a rather elementary sort. The thick-headed sporting Colonel who is host of the party at which stags and villains are shot will be incapable of comprehending the simplest terms of speech, and be in a state of continual dense misunderstanding. The actor to whom everyone is so unpleasant will frequently quote passages from *Hamlet* (making even the rudeness occasionally welcome though not forgivable), and deliver himself of such bright anti-sporting *mots* as that "the proper place for a salmon is the Savoy," before he nobly takes the blame of the retributive "accident" on his shoulders and departs (still spouting Shakespeare) for London, home, and the Garrick.

The heroine will moan and yowl in her remorseful anguish—and here let me say that Miss Elissa Landi, who does not commonly impress me as an actress, seemed to enter quite into the proper spirit of this piece. She yowls and moans and starts and groans in the best Adelphi manner. Mr.



*The Unimpressed Guest. The famous London actor (Reginald Owen) fails to appreciate the beauties of the giant stuffed pike so admired by his host and hostess (Mabel Terry Lewis).*

Eric Maturin is also a capitally unmistakable villain, of whom Mr. Partridge of "Tom Jones" would have heartily approved. Yes, as one of my colleagues put it; "it was undeniably a stimulating and intelligent evening."

## MELODRAMA AND MUSIC.

**O**NE difference between talking and singing melodrama is that you are not quite so clear what the musical kind is about, but I am not sure that is always such an altogether bitter loss. Certainly I don't think anyone is likely to bother very seriously over the plot of *The New Moon*, with which Drury Lane has opened what I am convinced will be yet another successful era. If they do, on their heads be it—I couldn't possibly tell you. I can only say that my general impression of the show is one of tuneful noise, beautifully dressed stage crowd, a variety of pic-

turesque scenery, and Miss Evelyn Laye. There was a time when one rather wondered what made the gallery girls so enthusiastic about Miss Laye—for she has always been one of their chief favourites. At that period she could sing only a very little and her main asset was an *ingenue* beauty and simplicity. But even if they were over-exuberant then, they have been proved prophetically right. She has worked and worked at her singing, until now she has a really charming voice and, what's more, one of sufficient power to fill the great Drury Lane theatre, which is no mean achievement. Her beauty, too, has enhanced with the years—I do not suggest that art or study has had any share in this—and she is now the most exquisite piece of porcelain on our musical, or for that matter, any other stage.

#### EVELYN LAYE'S PERSONALITY.

THIS combination of beauty and efficiency is rare and irresistible, and whenever Miss Laye is on the stage this New Moon shines with an unfaltering translucency by mere virtue of her presence. Her personality holds together a piece which, it must be confessed, contains a lot of nonsense and no super-abundant excess of wit. Yet it provides, or has been made to do so, a number of very delightful scenes—more especially the opening ones of the second act, in which we get a really admirable stage effect in the shape of a ship, supposed to be in full sail, with moving ocean in the background, and waters surging in the moonlight, quite well done.

The period, by the way, is that of the French Revolution, and the persons mostly citizens of France. We start in New Orleans, go to sea, and then end up in an island in the Caribbean Sea, where all ends in the traditional happy manner, including discomfiture of the villain. In the meanwhile there has been a lot of quite meritorious singing and dancing—and what more could any musical comedy fan demand?

#### BITS OF REAL REVUE.

I OFTEN wonder whether the same people who go to musical comedy also visit revue, and if so, what they think of it all. Not that this is a double experience invariably within reach. *Revue* has been rather out of favour lately, and no wonder, considering what liberties, not to say crimes, have been committed in its name. But at the moment there is at least one show that can put in some genuine claim to that title—Mr. Cochran's latest effort, *Wake Up and Dream*, at the Pavilion. It is most seldom that *revue* lives anywhere up to its name, but in this piece there are actually as many as seven items, or well above a quarter of the whole show, that can honestly be described as coming under the proper heading—which, I take it, implies some sort of genial satire on current events or tendencies.

Like all Mr. Cochran's productions, this one has not been allowed to suffer from any lack of publicity—and it would not be at all surprising if one found in the actuality of the much-heralded thing a certain degree of disappointment. But—at any rate if you only drop in late enough—I don't think you need get any of "that sinking feeling." I don't believe in seeing any of these affairs out conscientiously from start to finish. I should advise missing out the whole of the first seven "tunes," and arriving just in time for the sketch of the Empire as it used to be in the old promenade days, which is real revue and can be enjoyed even by the most modern. There are some lovely colour schemes in the bit about San Francisco

with the manner in which all living creatures, from human beings to sponges, obey the behest: "Let's fall in love."

Mr. Sonnie Hale gives a brilliant caricature of Sir Thomas Beecham conducting an orchestra, and appears also as an elderly hostess at a night club, with an astonishing resemblance to sister Binnie, now in *Mr. Cinders*. Miss Jessie Matthews is a depraved though attractive modern school-girl, and Miss Tilly Losch and Miss Tina Meller lead a very varied school of dancing—this may be more entertaining than significant, but, after all, you can't be topical all the time, can you?

#### TWO GOOD PLAYS.

TWO excellent plays have recently attained a hundred performances and richly deserve the honour. The plays are "Journey's End" at the Savoy and "The Lady with the Lamp" at the Garrick. The tribute thus paid to these plays by the public provides still further proof of the fact that, in spite of what some of the managers say, the well-constructed play with ideas in it will make its way.

It is true that both "Journey's End" and "The Lady with a Lamp" enjoyed a remarkable press, particularly the former, but it does not always happen that praise by the press means support by the general public.

The truth is, of course, that a large number of playgoers delight in the play which provides some food for thought, and affords opportunities for good acting. Managers producing such a play must of necessity take a risk, but it is a risk worth running. History does not record how many managers turned down "Journey's End" because in the first place it dealt with the war and in the second had no woman in it and no love interest. But when it was accepted and produced the courageous manager was justified of his courage.



"The New Moon." Evelyn Laye scores a triumph in the new Drury Lane play in which she is here seen with Ben Williams.



A new soubrette. Dolores Farris (left) from America is one of the successes of "The New Moon." With her are Gene Gerrard and Vera Pearce.

in 1849 too, but the second part is easily the best.

#### NOT FOR MRS. BOFFIN.

HEREIN are some real little gems, some of them (let one whisper it) not at all too suitable for the chaste ears of Mrs. Boffin. Some so-called Bed-time Stories, for instance, and a deathless lyric entitled "Let's Do It," which deals in some detail



"The Five o'Clock Girl," at the London Hippodrome. Expecting the girl he has "fallen for," Ernest Truex rehearses his reception of her and is discovered by his valet (George Grossmith).



# Game Preserving on a Small Scale

By E. J. Brown

*The preservation of game may or may not be an expensive business. In the following article our contributor gives some idea as to the cost of rearing birds.*



Here are some three-day-old pheasant chicks on a Buckinghamshire farm.

**T**HERE are far more people interested in shooting to-day than there were a generation ago. In those days there were many large, and some very large, pheasant shoots, which were fully kept and splendidly managed in every way, and for which many thousands of birds were reared annually.

Changing conditions—especially high taxation—have contributed to the selling and breaking up of the majority of those large estates, and during the last few years the picture has been entirely reversed. The aim today of most people is to have a small shoot from which they may obtain the maximum of enjoyment at the minimum of expense.

In calculating the cost of raising and preserving pheasants many factors have to be taken into account. It is safe to say, however, that in all shoots, large and small, the predominating feature of the bill is the cost of labour and wages of beaters and keepers. The latter is, of course, a fixed charge, while the two former depend to some extent on circumstances.

Less labour is required where the coverts are small. These are considerably cheaper to beat than the larger woods, while a shoot which only has to bear three or four big days in the year will cost much less than one which is consistently hammered at once a week throughout the season. Some shoots, too, will show a fair number of partridges and rabbits which, when marketed, offset a proportion of the cost of the pheasants. Many good judges say that pheasants, properly managed, will pay for the cost of rearing and feeding, but will not bear the overhead charges. Taking one shoot with another, this is probably very near the mark.

## THE COST OF REARING.

**O**PINIONS as to the cost of rearing differ widely, and the reasons are not far to seek. Much depends upon how many eggs can be gathered from the wild birds and how many have to be bought. The latter is an

expensive luxury. Eggs from the game farms are roughly £60 per 1,000, and to kill 1,000 pheasants one requires 2,000 eggs. Birds can, however, be reared inexpensively (provided always that the stock is there) if sufficient eggs be collected and set under hens by employing local labour to gather them, as well as by catching and penning the birds early in the year.

Lord Fisher of Kilverstone related some two years ago in a contemporary that in 1926 he had put into covert 1,500 birds out of 2,500 eggs at a cost of under 4s. each. This included keepers' wages, but rental was not taken into consideration, nor were any eggs bought. Taking an "all-in" cost, therefore, an estimate of from 6s. to 8s. if the birds are reared from collected eggs, and from 10s. to 12s. if the eggs are purchased, should prove about right.

## THE SMALL OWNER.

**W**E are too prone to think that unless we can rear 500 to 1,000 birds it is not worth rearing at all. Admittedly a great deal depends on the position of a small shoot. It is, for instance, no use putting down birds if you are wedged in between two neighbours who shoot, but who take no hand in preserving, for they will probably get many of your birds, while you will get nothing but their remains.

On the other hand, the owner of a small shoot in a district where some preserving is carried out can, if he has the knowledge and the time at his disposal, rear a couple of hundred birds at little expense, and the bigger man will always be only too glad to co-operate with a neighbour who is contributing to an increase of stock. The difficulty is that the small owner has not always that amount of time to devote to the pro-

blems of rearing and feeding, which are so important, and even a part-time keeper sends up the bill.

## A NOVEL SYSTEM.

**I**N America, where the pheasant has only been introduced in recent years, they have adopted a novel system. There are no regular keepers, but

small breeders rear a few pheasants on each arm together with chickens, and the farmers' wives look after and feed them until the poults are old enough to be put into the coverts. One hesitates to say that a similar scheme would be universally possible in this country; but, at any rate, in these days of agricultural depression, a few farmers might be glad of the chance of turning over a little extra money.

Some local schemes of co-operation between owners of small shoots, and mutual agreements as to the numbers of birds each would rear, would not only increase the stock in the countryside but would, year by year, tend to decrease the expense of rearing.

A case of which I have personal knowledge is worth quoting here. A neighbour of mine three years ago took a small farm. In the first year he put down fifty birds. He shot sparingly and nursed the place, and this past year he put down 250. Up to December 31st last he had shot over 200 pheasants, and told me that he estimated that when he made up his books his birds would have cost him less than 5s. per head "all in."

## THE FARMER'S HELP.

**F**ARMERS can be very valuable allies to the small owner, but unfortunately this goodwill has been largely alienated of late years by the behaviour of syndicates. I do not tar all these gentry with the same brush, but some syndicates flit from one shoot to another year by year, only concerned to get as much as possible off a place without any regard to stock.

The local farmer is generally a sportsman, and can do much in keeping down vermin, and in winter feeding and watering birds, and one is as glad to have his co-operation as he is to give it.

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A pleasant border of annuals which makes a gorgeous show of colour.

The severe frosts which we have experienced have, it is true, ruined some plants, notably wall-flowers, but it has broken up the ground and made it suitable for the setting of seeds of annuals.

THEY were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they are not divided. Last year dressed up in cloth of gold, in velvets of crimson and russet, they shone so brightly in every garden. This year I wonder what people will do without their Spring bedding of wallflowers. The frost has taken tremendous toll, and the sound of lamenting is heard in our land.

#### TOLL OF THE FROST.

NOW I do not myself grow wallflowers except the Siberian kind, *Cheiranthus Allionii*, which once in a weak hour I planted beside the flagged path to the front door and have never been able to lose again. That one is all right. I see sturdy seedlings jostling the tulips and crowding round the red noses of the peonies; sure enough that persistent orange wallflower will come presently to muddle up all my carefully planned colours of rose and mauve and cream.

But in the general sense of the word I do not grow wallflowers because they smell—oh! remotely, I grant—but because to me they do smell like cabbage-water. And many a sad glance have I received from garden friends because of this, my heresy. I am not sorrowing, therefore, as these others sorrow for lost loves, lost hope and labour.

But I am exceedingly sympathetic about it, for I know that the pretty fragrant flowers mean the very self of Spring to thousands of folk—wallflowers and forget-me-nots under tall gay tulips—who has not loved them when saucy April flouts the sun?

But the garden is, of all things, just. Where it takes it always gives. The late se-

vere frosts worked mightily upon the top soil and at a touch today that which looks like an ungainly clod will break up into kind crumbly particles. Frost is one of the best of gardeners, and this year's seed-beds will show us what this violent and rough beneficence has done for us. The beautiful texture of the earth tells us today exactly what to do to make good for our lost wallflowers.

We can sow annuals, and enjoy, as not for many a year, the glorious range of form and colour they will give, sowing thinly and never too thinly; and even with all the care in the world to sow thinly there will be many seedlings to take out if the plants are to have room to develop; on an average, I should say amateurs leave a dozen seedlings where only one should be allowed to remain.

#### ANNUALS TO SOW.

THE seeds are so tiny and the life of the plant so short since they must make all their growth, bear flowers and set seed in a single summer, that I think gardeners believe the more the merrier! But the golden rule is to allow each sturdy seedling ample room to do its growing and make its bright display.



Double rose godetia with the grey foliage of *Artemisia* and *stachys* make a good display.

# Annuals for your GARDEN

By Marion Cran

The red Californian Poppy (*Eschscholtzia Carmine King*) is a very pretty annual, not yet as well known as the brilliant orange or delicate cream-coloured ones. People who grow it successfully this year and admire it much can save it for next if they will treat the root like a dahlia, lifting it in autumn and storing it safe from frost, to plant again next spring. The annual delphiniums which we often know better as "rosy larkspur" are most beautiful in their varied shades; they grow like their lordly perennial relations, but with a frailer grace, a daintier habit. We can get them in rich salvia blue ("azure sem," "blue butterfly"), rosy scarlet, blush pink mauve and purple.

Mignonette and nasturtiums everybody knows and loves; Baker's Queen is a nice mignonette with a good red tint in the modest flowers. Marigolds, both French and African, make a "powerful good show," as the old cobbler-man has it when we talk of his beloved garden. He loves yellow, and sows a long border of golden and white *limnanthus Douglasi* besides his beehives every year, to follow the golden crocuses.

#### PINKS AND POPPIES.

GODETIA is, with Clarkia, an indispensable annual. Clarkia is tall and elegant, with fairy rosettes up slender stems. There are several new shades to be had nowadays, "Sunkist," a brilliant salmon, is very beautiful, and Ruby King is a good effective red. Godetia is a more solid affair; it belongs to the evening primrose family, flowering in large cups of gleaming satin, borne on short, stiff stems which make it ideal for bedding; it comes in crimson, rose, white and lavender; if the full beauty of the plants is to be enjoyed they must not on any account be permitted any overcrowding.

Annual pinks are enchanting in their sweetness and demure frilled flowers which bloom freely until the autumn. Perhaps the most popular is the Indian pink (*Chinensis*) and next in favour the charming Cheddar pink (*Coesius*).

Those fragrant flowers which look rather like glorified thistles to the uninitiated are the showy border annuals, "Sweet Sultan"; and the rich chestnut discs tipped with orange are really sunflowers called "Dazzler"; the seeds are easy to grow, though a few pence dearer than those common or garden stalwarts which we usually associate with the word sunflower, so adored by earwigs!



# The NEW Wanderlust

*The Jugendherbergen is a German organisation for the encouragement of outdoor life and sport, which has done much towards improving the physical development of the race. In the following article some details of the organisation are described, and it is suggested that the example of Germany might well be followed in this country.*

By J. Howard Wellard

EUROPE is beginning to realise that a new Germany is arising from the ruins of the old. Defeat and devastation have not apparently crushed, nor disarmament incapacitated, Germany. Instead, a new spirit seems to animate this country—a spirit which is vaguely spoken of as "Kultur."

## THE JUGENDHERBERGEN.

THIS new Kultur is responsible for many developments. Open-air schools, gymnasia, model villages, national sports grounds—such are some of its manifestations. But it is the organisation known as the Jugendherbergen which is the most significant example of Kultur in Germany of to-day.

The Jugendherbergen is nominally a youth movement. The aim is thus set forth in one of its publications:—

"Early and regular communion with Nature by means of tramping is the best bulwark against tuberculosis, race-degeneration . . . while walking is an antidote to the physical imperfection occasioned by city life, and, at the same time, a defence against the one-sided 'School of Knowledge.'"

Here is stated the essential purpose of the Youth movement, and it will be seen at once that the organisation is only one more manifestation of the passion for physical development that characterises Germany of to-day, even more than ancient Greece. Sport and physical development. These two words imply everything implied in the new "Kultur"; in their name, the people who before the war played football in long trousers and hats, abhorring—and rightly—the sight of knees, now seem to spend the greater part of their leisure hours in bathing costumes or the minimum of clothing.

The Germans have always been enthusiastic walkers, but nowadays the enthusiasm has become a mania with them. At every available moment, they put on old clothes and set off walking. Tramping is indulged in among us, but what we regard as an agreeable exercise, has developed there into one of the most significant organisations in Europe.

For the spirit of Wanderlust is still in existence in Germany. If it ever flourished in England, it certainly seems improbable that it would have survived the petrol fumes shot out into the atmosphere from the

exhaust pipes of a million cars. But in Germany, the stream of automobiles, once outside the cities, is lost in the immensity of the country, so that tramping—the aim of which is to fill the lungs with fresh air—not benzene—is still practicable, and the spirit of Wanderlust still flourishes.

## BARRIERS OF CASTE REMOVED.

"JUGENDHERBERGEN" means "inns for youth." It is nominally an organisation to provide shelter for young wanderers under the age of 20, and to encourage them in the pastime of tramping. There are now 2,300 "inns" in Germany. Figures for 1928 show that 3,000,000 lodgings were furnished, of which about 1,000,000 were taken by girls. The movement includes both sexes, is open to people of all ages (with reservations in favour of those under 20) and to any nationality.

The principles of the movement are best understood from the regulations:—

(i.) Rambling is the only bodily exercise equally suited to all—to women as well as men; and it can be indulged in even by the aged.

(ii.) At a time when gymnasia, sports grounds and swimming baths can hardly be sufficient for the needs, there is no small advantage in walking which is, as well, the cheapest form of physical exercise.

(iii.) The Jugendherbergen make possible the "rambles for youths" and adopts the best solution for the surest way of satisfying the needs of a sports-loving race.

Before the organisation of the Jugendherbergen, there were many discouraging obstacles in the way of youthful walkers. There was, for instance, the problem of accommodation. An afternoon saunter was always possible, but they entered into the pastime far more strenuously than that, more often than not spending the week-end away from home. But it is not always agreeable to sleep under the stars, and though a roof may be more prosaic, it is also more welcome in cold weather.

The Jugendherbergen organisation undertakes to supply the roof. Any youth can pass the night in one of the hostels for the sum of 3d. The organisation claims to have eliminated too, the barriers of poverty, caste, nationality and so forth, which, in many cases hitherto, rendered difficult the realisation of, say, a tramping holiday:—

"In the Jugendherbergen, the young worker may sleep beside the student. By the fire, the proletariat cooks with the aristocrat. In all the games, in the singing and dancing, Protestant and Catholic, German and foreigner, intermingle without distinction."



*The War Memorial to the lovers of Wanderlust killed in the Great War.*



*Walkers making themselves happy and comfortable in kitchen and living room.*



*Four young enthusiasts in the playroom of an "inn."*

**W**HAT are they like, these "inns"? There is one—the "show" example which is actually a converted castle, so that if the walker were in the neighbourhood of Siegen he would be able to sleep within the ancient castle walls of the Freusburg.

The Freusburg was once a state-owned ruin; now it is a veritable hostel within,

**T**HE idea of a youth movement of this nature was first conceived of by Richard Schirrmann, a school-teacher who realised the need for some accommodation for young wanderers. He advanced the idea of organising the youth, and saw that the existing "student-inns" offered a solution to the problem of accommodation. Schirrmann acquired the use of similar "inns,"

which were at first unelaborate like the haunts of the students.

They were often converted barns, with bare rooms in which the wanderer could sleep on a camp bed, perhaps on a bundle of straw. Since those times—about five years before the war—the accommodation has been vastly improved, and many of the "inns" are now undoubtedly "model." Such have big assem-

(4) Members have to carry a "pass," which is almost equivalent to a passport.

Besides these rules, order and good conduct are expected. Each guest must leave the shelter as he finds it. Tobacco and alcohol are strictly prohibited inside the hostels.

It can now be seen how this organisation, arising out of the simple need of the youthful pedestrian for adequate accommodation, has developed into a national scheme for the training of youth. It may be thought, of course, by reason of the comparatively strict discipline, and by the mention of that very word "training," that there is some sinister motive behind this apparently beneficial association. Training? For what? For military purposes? A kind of disguised conscription?

#### AN INTERNATIONAL ORGANISATION.

**T**HIS aim, however, does not enter into the youth movement. In fact, the principles are definitely calculated to combat militarism and international suspicion. For this very purpose, the organisation is at the service of the youth of the whole world. It is claimed that neither nationality, caste,

reed, nor any social distinction enter into the question of membership at all, and it will be seen that the Jugendherbergen resembles in this respect the Toc H, inasmuch as all rank must be abandoned once inside the walls of the "inn." In the words of the regulations:—

"Where could there be found a more direct and prudent method for understanding and amity between foreign peoples, and for drawing together a nation united at heart."



*A mixed gathering of happy trampers enjoy a well-earned meal.*

while still keeping its picturesque exterior. Its latter day history is no doubt as interesting as its period of mediæval impregnability. The work of renovation and of alteration has been entirely accomplished by the youths of the organisation. They had an enormous task in front of them, of clearing the debris; repairing the roof, and making the interior fit for even temporary habitation. They repaired, converted and made certain rooms into a kitchen; knocked two chambers into an assembly hall in the North wing; and constructed a fine dormitory in the attic. The association had by this time bought the whole castle, and in 1923 it became the property of the Jugendherbergen, in company with an old inn at the base of the castle walls.

The Freusburg is rapidly becoming a world centre for Youth. In 1927 a congress of Youth was held there, and the representatives of all nations were astonished and delighted by the achievement.

Of course, all the hostels are not converted castles, nor are they in any case, luxurious within. The motto of the organisation is "Help yourself." Each member makes his own bed, cooks his own food, and looks after himself generally. Some of the "inns" have dormitories; others large rooms with military beds ranging one over the other like berths on a ship. The "inn" is in charge of a "father," the *Herbergsvater*. He is something more than a host, for he is a counsellor and friend of any young guest who enters his "inn."



*Making merry with music outside one of the rest-houses where board and residence is cheap.*

bly rooms where concerts may be given, a common kitchen with the necessary utensils and appurtenances, bath-rooms and so forth—the whole place being tastefully decorated and meticulously clean.

The particular rules for the association are quite simple:—

- (1) Every wanderer of either sex up to the age of 20 finds admission.
- (2) The yearly subscription for those under 20 is nothing; for over 20, 5s. Lodging 3d. for the former, 6d. for adults.
- (3) Those under 20 always have precedence in lodging, whether accommodation has been booked or not.



*Entrance to "Jugendburg Freusburg," one of the well-known "Inns for Youth," maintained to encourage the pastime of tramping.*

It may now be seen, that the youth movement is, in magnitude and ideal, one of the most potential organisations in Europe. It is a definite and a most sane campaign for a "back to Nature" movement, which might well be tried in this country.



# Children of Men

By DOUGLAS JERROLD

**N**EW times, new manners may be as necessarily true of artistic expression as of social habits. Unfortunately east of Poland the times we live in have no manners. Isadora Duncan's "Russian Days" are as formless and disorderly as the antics of Budyenny's cavalry in the Russo-Polish campaign of 1920-21, which provide the background for Mr. Babel's reflections. And poor Isadora's reflections, like Mr. Babel's, match the shabby and muddled days rather than the exalted dream which she cherished with as much sincerity as dreams will bear without becoming realities.

To read these books is to understand the justification of form in art. An element of precision is necessary if a philosophy is to achieve life or a reminiscence is to achieve a style. It is not the moral attitude or the conscious craftsmanship which is missed—both indeed are as fatal to virtue and art as to their modern substitutes. What is lacking is the quality of *lived experience* which translates itself into, through the mere discipline of having been lived, a form sufficiently precise to have a moral significance.

Isadora Duncan's *Russian Days* have precisely no significance at all. For all her enthusiasm for her art, and her occasional passionate pleadings for it, she lived outside it. It enabled her to understand nothing, to synthesise nothing, to observe nothing. It was remote from the lives and wants of everyone and when she left Moscow her school languished, she took her enthusiasm away with her and frittered away her vitality in preposterous wandering which lacked grandeur or tragedy or even dignity. Not because she was mean or petty herself, because she was a creature of whims which were wholly unimportant to anyone else.

## LIVING HER OWN LIFE.

**T**HE title of the book is in one sense disingenuous, since much of it is given up to her wanderings on the Riviera and in America. But the worst that can be said about it is that the deception is immaterial because it doesn't matter in the least to anyone whether Isadora was playing the fool in the East, the West or the South. It was her own life. She never touched the lives of other people. If she had lived and died in Balham or Tooting she would have been just as unhappy and the world would have been just the same. This is not to say that it is any business of the artist to reform the world. It is merely to comment that an art which was purely one of personal emotion without basis or relation to the ordinary life of the world is not worth writing books about.

Isadora's dancing may have taught something to professional dancers, so may the whirlwind agility of Mr. Cochran's latest exponents. Save as a diversion neither is of the slightest interest to the world at large. As for her personal life she had her lovers, her sufferings, her inconsequent humours and her pluck. So have they all.

## A NAÏVE BOOK.

**I**T is just the same with the nameless hero of Babel's "Red Cavalry." The diffused

vitality of these sketches of a grotesque parody of war—aimless slaughter, mere cruelty and greed and folly let loose over a suffering countryside—is undeniable. It is a quite unconscious indictment not of war, but of *égalité*.

In his disordered mental wanderings the mind of a child is revealed wrestling with the primitive difficulties which provide the first stimulus to introspection. The occasional blasphemies and indecencies are harmless because of their *naïveté*. What is not so harmless is the equally *naïve* assumption that all this random and incoherent observation has a deep and profound meaning. It has as much meaning as children playing with dynamite. The book is well worth reading for its *naïveté* and for its complete lack of realism, a child taking notes of other children, unconscious of the nature of their play. But it was a dangerous game which left a blood-stained trail of suffering behind it. Mr. Babel spares no details.

## AN IMPRESSIVE GUIDE.

**T**O turn from these precocious sketches of infantile savagery to Miss Markham's careful record of an epoch of civilisation is to experience a curious revulsion. The pieces are back in the mosaic again. The meaningless has become significant. Momentum has been given to mass. The diminished *tempo* marks the difference between a chance explosion and the methodical application of controlled energy. We are considering again an age when man has at his finger-tips the technique of making the best of life.

It is true that ferocity, wantonness and stupidity flourished in the twelfth century as they have in every other. What differentiates the cruelty and foolishness of the Crusaders from that of Babel's soldiers was that although the former might defy the moral law they did not deny it. When they wrought evil they recognised it. The pathetic cretins of Mr. Babel's sketches seem unable to recognise anything save animal hunger and cold and thirst. It is this insensibility which gives them a nightmarish quality where the soldiers, counts and priests of Miss Markham's studies have a recognisable urbanity, whatever their misdeeds.

For there were two civilising factors which worked unceasingly on the minds of these men of the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries, the one consciously, the other subconsciously. The former was the faith

of Christianity and the latter the culture of Rome.

The physical and spiritual heritage of Rome lies all over France to this day, but most notably in Poitou, Aquitaine and Provence. It is and always has been alive. There is no conflict between the forum and the cathedral. When the Provençal bishop Trophime had orthodox scruples over the use of the pagan cemetery of Arles for Christian burial was not the figure of Christ seen with outstretched hand blessing the debatable burying place? The inevitable inspiration for the builders of Arles and Avignon, Moissac and Toulouse were the splendid classic buildings falling in ruins all about them.

## BOOKS TO READ.

*The Disinherited*, by MILTON WALDMAN. Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.

*The Path of Glory*, by GEORGE BLAKE. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

*The Devil's Shadow*, by FRANK THIESS. Knopf. 7s. 6d. net.

*The Sleeping Army*, by CLARA VIEBIG. Benn. 7s. 6d. net.

*The Purse Strings*, by LADY TROUBRIDGE. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

*The Lawless Frontier*, by MARY GAUNT. Benn. 7s. 6d. net.

*Winter*, by F. GRIESSE. Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.

*Starved Fields*, by ELIZABETH INGLIS JONES. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

*Dark Hester*, by ANNE DOUGLAS SIDGWICK. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

*Galsworthy: A Survey*, by LEON SCHARID. Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net.

*Bantu, Boer and Briton: the South African Native Problem*, by PROFESSOR W. M. MACMILLAN. Faber and Gwyer. 21s. net.

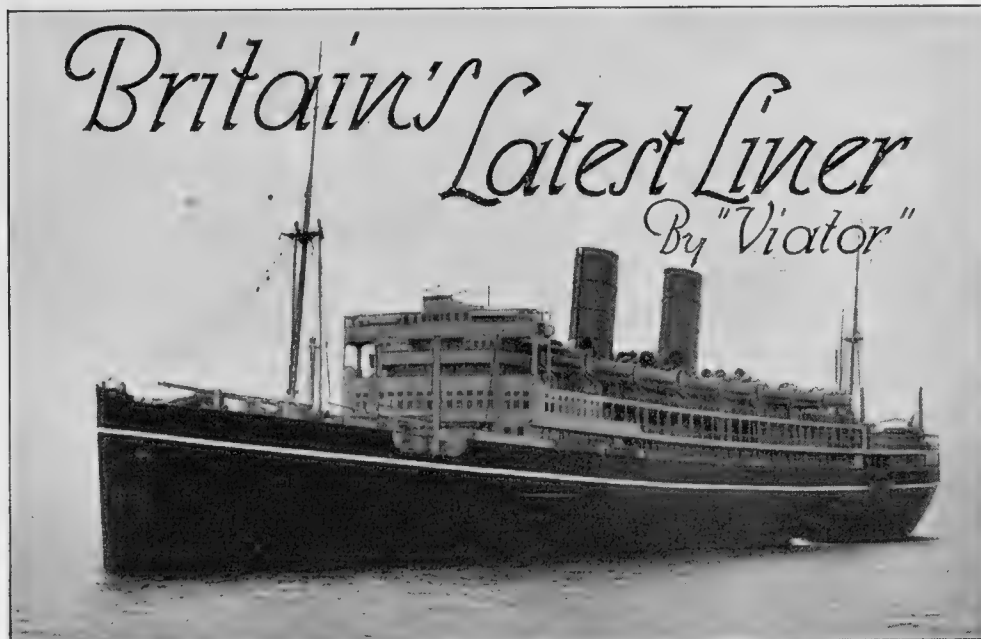
*History of the English People. Epilogue; Vol. I, 1895-1905*, by ELIE HALÉVY. Benn. 25s. net.

## CONTINUITY OF CIVILISATION.

**R**OMANESQUE architecture is not an immature precursor of Gothic, there is nothing primitive about it. It flourished in the south of France, the north of Italy, in Burgundy, in Germany, wherever the hand of Rome had been. Its chief glories are the cathedrals of Autun and Vézelay, the churches of St. Sernin, Toulouse; St. Front, Périgord; St. Trophime at Arles; the abbeys of Moissac, St. Gilles in the Camargue and the magnificent Benedictine headquarters of Cluny, systematically destroyed by the enlightened disciples of liberty, equality and fraternity between 1797 and 1812. This was the style which the Norman builders brought to England and to Sicily, its most striking features are, as is well known, the round arch, the barrel vault, the

dog-teeth moulding, and the profusion of animal and grotesque sculpture on capitals and bases, although the Romanesque sculptors were capable of much loftier flights, for they produced that supreme example of architectural sculpture, the Portal Royal at Chartres.

Miss Markham's book does not claim to be anything more than a guide for the general reader, and as such it could hardly be bettered, although the serious student must still turn to Enlart, Mâle and Lasteyrie. But the book is comprehensive and fairly well illustrated, and there are plenty of entertaining studies and anecdotes, which although they may be despised by the pedant, can do more than his arid comparative studies in bringing home to those who have not been there the continuity of civilisation in France.



The P. & O. Company's new turbo-electric s.s. "Viceroy of India." She is the first passenger ship built in this country to be driven by turbo-electric machinery.

*The latest luxurious liner of the P. & O. Company, the "Viceroy of India," is described by our correspondent, who was a passenger on her maiden voyage as far as Marseilles.*

TO those who are prone to regard the P. & O. (like the Athenæum Club and the railway sandwich) as a venerable British institution that must be suffered as gladly as possible, it comes as something of a shock to find the ancient company right in the van of progress. Yet here is the "Viceroy of India" ploughing along majestically on her maiden voyage, the first British ship to be propelled by turbo-electric machinery and to provide every first class passenger with a single berth cabin of ample proportions and adequate equipment.

#### ABSENCE OF VIBRATION.

A SHIP, no less than a motor car, must in the first example be judged by its works, and despite all the manifest luxury and comfort of this floating palace, our first concern is to learn whether the new system of propulsion is a success. The answer, after six days of experiment on the high seas, is unquestionably in the affirmative.

Whether meandering down the Thames estuary or speeding along at nineteen knots in the open, we slip through the seas, still and silent, with a complete absence of vibration that is positively uncanny. Nor is this due to size and bulk. Down in the bowels of the vessel, standing with but a thin steel plate between oneself and the giant propellers, there is never a tremor or a shake to destroy the latest illusion of modern science.

To those versed in such things this great engine room must be like some fairy dream come true. Gone the satanic stokehold with its battalions of sweating Lascars heaving

filthy coal into gaping furnaces; gone the thud of weighty pistons as they thrust and pull at a giant crankshaft; gone the mess and noise and heat and bustle. Instead, automatic feeders spray oil fuel on the white hot flames, the steam silently turns the turbines, the turbines drive the alternators, the alternators (with several gadgets betwixt and between) drive the electric motors, and the electric motors drive the propellers. Everything, in short, goes round and round instead of up and down or to and fro—and that, when you come to think of it, is precisely as it should be.



#### A WONDER-SHIP.

WE cannot, alas, claim this as a British invention; but we have contributed so much to the progress of marine travel that we may afford a generous acknowledgment of American genius. Suffice it to say that British engineers have adopted the new idea with enthusiasm, and that it has remained

for the British Thomson-Houston Co. not merely to manufacture the first installation in Europe, but to produce a more satisfactory and dependable job than has been turned out on the other side of the Atlantic. Down below, at least, the initiative of Lord Inchcape has given us a wonder-ship. What, then, of the rest?

If it be the ambition of modern naval architecture to persuade the passenger that once within the cloistered promenade decks he is no longer aboard a ship, the designers of the "Viceroy of India" have succeeded almost beyond a peradventure. Indeed, if we on this latest product of the Clyde want to know whether we are at sea, we have to go out and look over the side. Otherwise, we live, move and have our being in a commodious and elegant *caravanserai*, with public rooms built, roofed and windowed like an hotel, but decorated and furnished in a fashion so up to date that it amounts to little short of a social revolution.

#### A RIOT OF DECORATION.

THERE is, let me say, a wonderful Tudor smoke room, perfectly modelled after the Old Palace of Bromley-by-Bow, and magnificently panelled, with only Queen Anne chairs in walnut and other incongruous seatings to mar the effect. This done, the decorators and furnishers seem to have run amok. The music room, where we consort with the ladies, is a positive riot of Eastern splendour befitting a Sultan's harem.



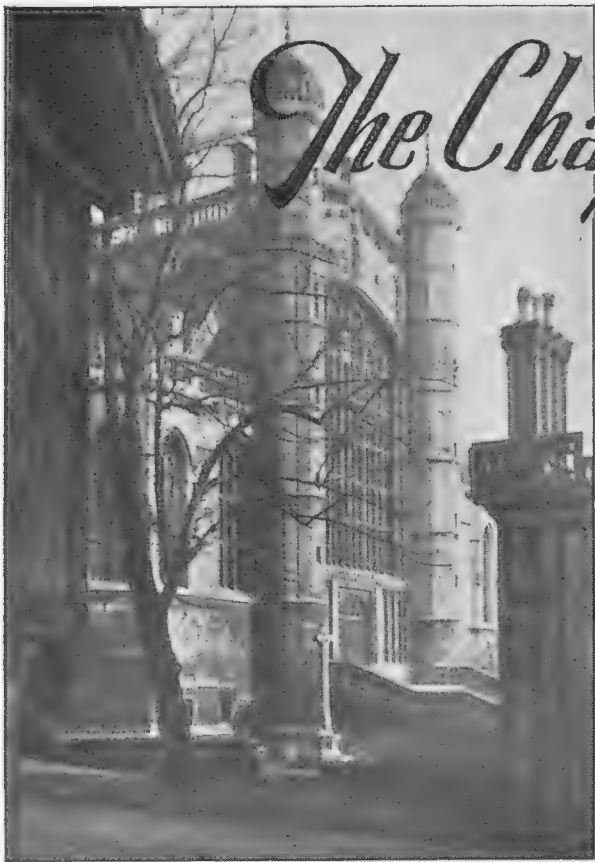
In Pompeian style, the swimming bath on board the "Viceroy of India" has walls decorated with classical panels in relief representing various forms of Roman sport.

The smoking room of the "Viceroy of India" is based on the State Room of the Old Palace at Bromley-by-Bow, which was built for James I.

#### A NEW STANDARD OF TRAVEL.

AGAIN, the magnificent walnut panelling of the Dining Saloon has been despoiled by the introduction of pillars and pilasters of Princess blue to the accompaniment of much ornate gilt and streamers of little pink roses. I am told that all this is ultra-modern. So be it; but I do not like it. The ambition of the designers has been to provide a maximum of comfort and seaworthiness. In this they have succeeded beyond question, and in everything they are being ably seconded by Captain Ohlson, D.S.O., and his crew.





*St. George's Chapel, Windsor, showing the western façade.*

**T**HE story of Windsor Castle is older than the story of Columbus. The great-great-grandfather of Christopher Columbus might have been sitting on a wharf in Genoa, about the time the first stone of the castle was laid; perhaps he was a sail-maker, occasionally lifting his eyes from the monotony of his needle and canvas, to look out over the Mediterranean and imagine the awful fate of boats that went too far and slipped over the edge of the world.

The Castle has been permanently used as the palace of a ruler for longer than any other castle in the world. It stands on the top of the hill which William the Conqueror climbed when he chose the site for the wooden building which was the nucleus of the castle. Its walls, built around the upper and lower wards, contain a succession of chambers and houses—all dominated by the Round Tower or keep, which rises imperially from the centre of the castle.

The upper ward has always been the right and province of the King. But, perhaps, the lower ward of the Castle is the more romantic. Here is St. George's Chapel, of the Order of the Garter, which celebrates the 575th anniversary of its foundation on April 22nd. It is in St. George's Chapel that the daily services are held; as they have been held almost continuously since the reign of Edward III. Here, twice every day, the choir sings prayers and anthems which praise God and symbolise the chivalry and honour of the King, the Royal family, and the twenty-six Knights of the Garter. Down through the centuries they have sung praises for the marriage of kings; dirges for their death. On the very paving-stones over which the choristers walk to their stalls, the names of buried kings are carved. In one vault, Henry VIII and Charles I are buried, and in the Dean's Cloisters nearby, the moaning ghost of Henry VIII is said to walk, under the

window where Anne Boleyn sat when he saw her first.

#### HERALDIC BEASTS

**T**HE Lower Ward is dominated by the immense heraldic beasts which have lately been added to the pinnacles of St. George's Chapel. The beasts were removed by Wren in 1682, and were originally the heraldic supporters or symbols selected by the Tudor dynasty to illustrate the claim through both the rival houses of York and Lancaster, from Edward III, founder of the Order of the Garter.

The restoration of St. George's Chapel has caused a forest of scaffolding to be erected about it for some years, but now that it is clear of this screen, the magnificence of this Gothic building is again added to the attractions which bring thousands of people to the Castle every year. An individual gift made it possible to restore the beasts during the recent restoration, and it cost something like £11,000 for them to be added to the pinnacles. They carry standards and pennants, which are already flashing in the first Spring sun-shine.

The restoration of the Chapel has revealed many interesting things, and among others the fact that the jerry-builder is no modern invention. The contractors of Henry VI's time left clay between the bottom of the buttresses and the rock, and built the stone vaulting in such a way that modern architects say that only a miracle has held it up. The clay between the foundations and the rock naturally moved in time, and the walls sank to such an extent that cracks appeared in the vaulting, and the upper pinnacles overhung by several inches.

Anniversary of the Order of the Garter

*By Hector Bolitho*

*On Monday, April 22nd, it will be five hundred and seventy-five years since the foundation of the Order of the Garter by Edward the Third.*

*The Anniversary draws attention to the Castle at Windsor and particularly to the Chapel of the Order, in the lower ward of the Castle.*

#### A FAMOUS MEMORIAL.

**W**ITHIN the Chapel, the choir is now completely restored, and the wonderful stone vaulting, with its painted bosses, is already taking on a little of the mellowness of time. The most popular memorial in the Chapel is at present shut away from the public, for it is in the nave, which is still being restored.

People are always very definitely divided in their appreciation of this enormous group of white marble angels and mourners who lift their eyes and their hands towards Princess Charlotte, who ascends in a whirl of marble wings.

The Dean of Windsor is responsible for a story which reflects as well as anything the judgment of discriminating people in regard to this famous memorial. He was showing a group of schoolgirls over the



*The King's Beasts, which were removed from their positions in the 17th century, and have now been restored.*

Chapel, and they came to the tremendous white marble monument.

"Do you admire this?" asked the Dean.

"Oh, yes, it is beautiful," answered the schoolgirls.

"Well, come back to it every year of your lives, and when you find that you begin to dislike it, you can rest assured that your taste is developing."

This memorial and the treasures of the nave are still hidden, but tourists are allowed to enter the restored choir, with its beautiful carved oak stalls, each surmounted by the arms and banner of a Knight of the Garter.

The choir of St. George's, with the bosses, like flowers, hanging from the stone vaulting, the magnificent oak stalls, and the banners hanging above them, is one of the richest and most beautiful examples of a church interior in England, and, in these days of electric light, it is rare and fortunate enough to retain candles for illumination during the evening service.



Standing within the precincts of the Castle, part of the wall of this house was part of Henry III's dining hall. The outer wall of to-day, seen in the centre, was the inner wall when the old hall stretched across what is now open ground.

#### ROYAL TOMBS.

IN addition to the tombs of the older kings, there is the memorial and tomb of Queen Alexandra and King Edward, the latest addition to the interests of the Chapel. Those who recall the famous print of the interior of the Chapel on the occasion of the marriage of King Edward, when Prince of Wales, will remember the figure of Queen Victoria looking down from a carved oak closet on the left side of the altar. This delicate and beautiful closet was built for Catherine of Aragon. The oak carving, which was added later, was unfortunately covered with paint, but this has been removed during the restoration, to reveal a magnificent piece of carving and the oak with its natural beauty and texture.

One's artistic appreciation fades a little in writing of the reredos, which was erected by Queen Victoria as a memorial to the Prince Consort. It is made of alabaster, gold, and coloured marble, but the shadows and judicious lighting prevent it from striking a raucous note in this quiet and lovely place.

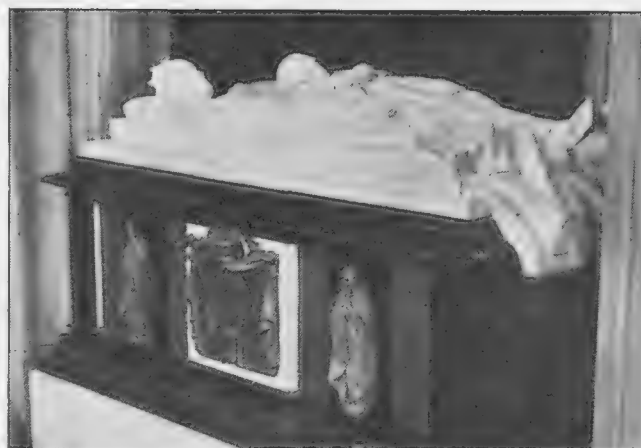
Outside, the chapel is surrounded by the Dean's cloisters, the Horseshoe cloisters, the houses of the Canons on one side and the houses of the military Knights on the other. There is also the Chapter library, where *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was first performed for the amusement of Queen Elizabeth. The performers, it is believed, were the choir boys of St. George's. So the silent grey stones of the lower ward are frames for romantic pictures, if you study their history.

In the Curfew tower, so it is believed, Anne Boleyn was imprisoned in a dark and depressing dungeon, little more than a hole in the earth.

#### THE DEANERY DRAWING ROOM.

THE present drawing-room of the Deanery was used by Henry the Eighth when the Spanish King came in all his colour and glory, to be made a Knight of the Garter, returning the compliment by giving "the most persistent husband in England" the Order of the Golden Fleece.

This drawing-room leads through a private chapel to the second biggest chapel within the Castle walls: the Albert Memorial Chapel, which was garnished with the richest of German taste at the poorest time artistically, as a memorial



One of the most recent additions to the Chapel—the Tomb of King Edward and his Consort, Queen Alexandra.

to the Prince Consort. But its history goes far back beyond the Victorians.

Part of its walls were built by Henry the Third. Henry the Eighth gave it to Wolsey, to be his burial-place. But when Wolsey fell from grace the chapel went back to the King.

Wolsey, trying to secure a pompous burial for himself, as well as a powerful life, built his own sarcophagus of black marble, with a tall bronze candlestick at each of the four corners. This sarcophagus has had an adventurous story since then. When Cromwell came to the Castle, he chose the chapel as a messroom for his soldiers. Wolsey's rejected tomb was thrown out on to the grass, and the four bronze candlesticks were sent to London and sold as old bronze. By some strange chance they were bought by the Bishop of Ghent. They stand in Ghent Cathedral to-day, with the Henry the Eighth arms upon them, the portcullis and the rose, far from the glorious plater Wolsey had designed for them. The black marble sarcophagus was kept at Windsor, and now it is Nelson's tomb in St. Paul's. Thus was Wolsey's glory scattered.

#### AMERICAN CURIOSITY.

THE heraldic beasts on the pinnacles of the Chapel are a dramatic sight. They are the first and the last things you see of this end of the Castle, for they are silhouetted magnificently against the skyline. An American visitor paid them the compliment of being intensely interested in them, a few months ago. He stopped an Englishman and asked him the identity of each beast.

At last, after eight questions, the American asked him about the stone bull which stands on one of the pinnacles. The Englishman's knowledge and patience had reached their limit.

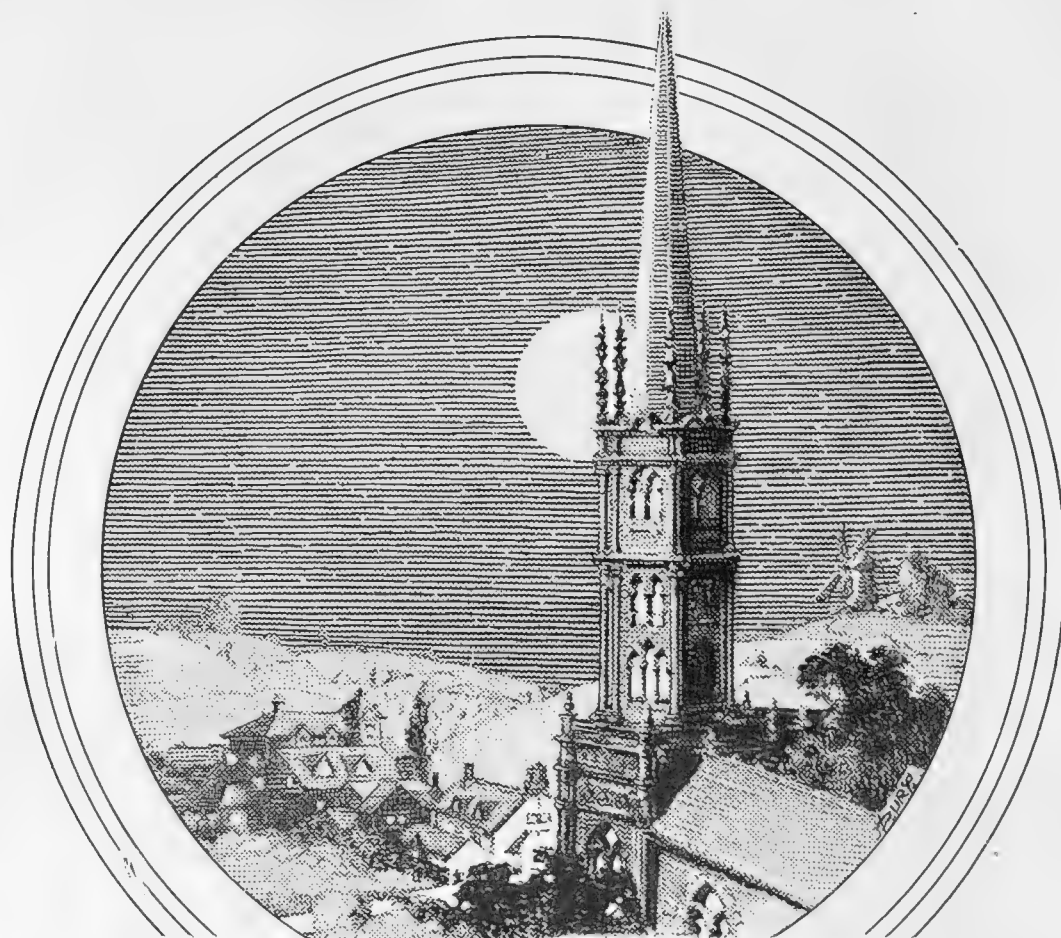
"That is a papal bull," he answered.

"No, goodness me," answered the American, "I thought your Royal family were Protestants."



The Choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. On either side are the seats occupied by the members of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.





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## Woman's Section

Edited by Julia Cairns

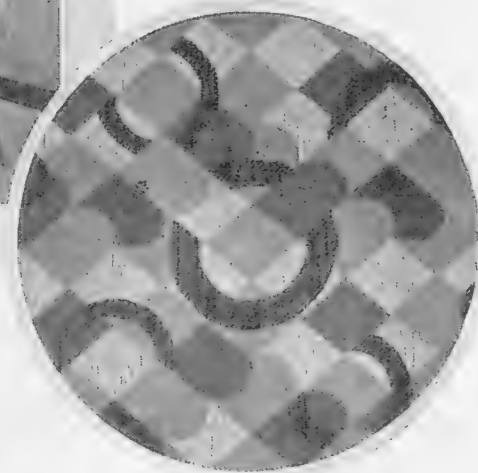
# The Old and the New

*Happy relations between fabrics and furniture are essential to the well-ordered home, so with each changing period come new designs and colour harmonies.*



**A**BOVE is a modern room—a room which speaks of to-day in its every detail, from the severe and dignified lines of the furniture down to the geometrical design of the thickly piled rug. There is no dominating colour note here, but the deep ivory walls, the beige carpet, and the beige self-patterned curtains are all in harmony and form a delightful background for the very modern, though none the less beautiful, furniture—the rich colourful graining of which is the salient factor of the room.

*The modernistic fabric shown might be used as an alternative window material, since in an adequate manner it strikes the same essentially modern note as does the one already chosen.*



*Whispering of the past, this corner of the sitting room in a little old 13th century cottage recounts a simple story of plaster walls, rush matting, old time timbers—a story, in fact, which leaves nothing but the choice of the simplest of cotton fabrics.*





# The Two-Colour TROUSSEAU

for Brides—and Others

By Marjory Charlton

**W**HAT is the secret of being well dressed, without spending a lot of money? For there is one. How, otherwise, can you account for the large number of attractively clad women? They don't all pay super tax. "Stitch, stitch, stitch" is neither the order of their days nor their nights! Though the modern woman, in spite of assertions to the contrary, is more often than not, extremely handy with her needle. They don't spend the greater part of their lives bargain hunting. They are far too busy during the hours they can snatch from their job, whether this takes the form of a husband or Big Business. Many



Printed crêpe-de-Chine ensembles, completed by coats exactly matched to frocks, strike a new note this Season. Foxaline is used for the amusingly deep cuffs. (10 guineas.)



An effective two-piece that stresses the importance of the new Princess silhouette. It is expressed in crêpe-de-Chine, the plain coat being of the predominating colour in the design. (10 guineas.)

of the best dressed-women can be numbered amongst the World's Workers.

Their secret is that they know how to choose their clothes, or, translated into more practical terms, that they usually dress in two colours.

**W**ITH clever dressers, it is never a case of "I simply must have that frock," irrespective of its colour or place in the general scheme. And hats, jumpers, bags, shoes, indeed every accessory, are considered in relation to each other.

Dull to dress in two colours? I don't think so. It's a lucky person whom every shade suits. Find one that suits you and remain faithful to it.



This striking afternoon gown is an exact copy of a Jean Patou model and is made of heavy crêpe-de-Chine, with lace and georgette chemisette and cuffs of the fashionable burnt-almond shade. (8½ guineas.)

Some Dress  
Economy secrets  
translated into  
attractive terms



It's an inadequate trousseau, indeed, that lacks a tailor-made suit, perfectly cut and finished and carried out in a light-weight fancy suiting (from 6 guineas).

One of the colours in a two-colour wardrobe must, of course, be on the dark side. Navy blue, petunia, deepish brown and, needless to say, black . . . and the lighter one a pastel shade . . . or one of the neutrals . . . grey or beige in its many variations.

Navy and grey, or petunia and grey, are particularly effective together. Beige is charming with either black, navy or petunia, and with black again, jade, rose and royal combine delightfully. And there are, of course, innumerable other colour combinations that the woman with an artistic sense can work out for herself.

**W**HY dress in two colours, when there is a whole palette from which to choose? Because, like the immortal Mrs. Gilpin, although bent on pleasure, we have frugal minds; or should have, if we are to make both ends meet, or nearly meet!

Suppose, for instance, that your tailored costume is brown, and that you include among your afternoon frocks shades of scarlet, yellow, and blue, and that your sports suits are green and mauve! You will certainly have plenty of variety in your wardrobe, but you will find variety in colour an expensive business, when you come to invest in the inevitable accessories . . . scarves, belts, bags, to say nothing of hats, and shoes, and stockings, for accessories to match are admittedly very, very important items of our wardrobe in these days.

You will never, never, be able to ring any changes with these, nor will those that belong to one frock or suit be able to do duty with another, when, say, it has gone on a journey to the cleaners, or for some other reason is *hors de combat*.

"GETTING married" is going to be very fashionable this summer, to judge from the number of engagements that have been announced, but it is not brides alone, who are interested in the summer trousseau that costs very little and yet looks extraordinarily effective. Every woman is on the point of buying the frocks that will carry her along till the autumn or even a little further.

Supposing that you are about to invest in an outfit, carried out, say, in beige and navy—a much-favoured colour combination at the moment.

YOUR first purchase will be, with a view to travelling, etc., a practical tailored *ensemble* with a long coat, the coat and skirt made of beige worsted suiting, completed by a matching jumper made of the new crêpe-stockinette.

A most practical three-piece this, illustrated on the right immediately above for it combines no less than three rôles—that of an *ensemble*, a costume and, when worn without the coat, a smart jumper suit.

Next on the list comes a classical tailor-made suit, for which navy suiting is used. "As well be out of the world as out of the fashion," and to lack a tailored suit, perfectly cut and fitting, is certainly to be a back-number this season! It is shown on the extreme right of the opposite page.

THEN an afternoon two-piece, of printed crêpe-de-Chine, the predominating colours beige and navy, featuring the new Princess silhouette, a navy crêpe-de-Chine coat, following the same lines, being worn with it. See it on the left of the opposite page.

The other afternoon *ensemble* (opposite page, extreme left), is also expressed in printed crêpe-de-Chine, the colour effect similar, but the pattern small and broken. In this case, the coat, with its amusingly deep cuffs made of Foxaline fur, matches—a new feature this season.

The frock, of course, can be worn with the plain coat, already described. So can the attractive afternoon gown, a copy of a Jean Patou model (opposite page, right), for this is made of navy crêpe-de-Chine, its dainty chemisette and cuffs being of georgette and lace in the fashionable burnt-almond shade.

So one coat is serving three dresses! There's economy for you, and economy in an unusually delightful guise!

NOW something for sports wear. A coat and skirt (shown in the centre), the coat cardigan-shaped, of navy wool canvas, the jumper, scarf and extra pleated skirt (the new idea and a very sound one, is to have two skirts to one coat) of beige stockinette.

For the golf suit, illustrated on the extreme right, a copy of a Chanel model, suiting in a very soft variety, beige and blue being blended in an attractive mixture. The cardigan coat is belted, and the jumper worn underneath is sleeveless.

In every case, hats, whether of straw or felt, added in beige or navy, according to taste, as the cookery recipes say! They will all be interchangeable, as will bags and every other accessory.



Suitable for either Town or Country wear. A tweed ensemble of worsted suiting with a jumper that blends in colour, made of the new crêpe-stockinette. (8½ guineas.)

THE same methods can easily be adopted with regard to the evening wardrobe, for now that Fashion ordains that wraps shall be *en suite* with frocks, keeping abreast of things is apt to be an expensive affair, to say nothing of the shoe and bag question.

When, however, dresses are chosen in two colours only, both the coatees, that are worn with evening frocks indoors, and the cloaks or coats for outdoor wear, can obviously do duty with more than one toilette.

A cloak, for instance, of black, jade and silver brocade will look equally well with a gown of jade or black; or a reversible satin cloak, royal blue on the one side, soft rose on the other (royal and rose are one of the season's colour alliances), will be effective with a toilette, carried out in either of those shades.

SO much for the question of what to choose this Season. How to choose it is equally important—whether to have all frocks and suits made to measure or to take advantage of the really marvellous system of graded sizes (to-day, a science and a very exact one), that obtains at certain of the well-known Stores. Not so very long ago every woman, who did not come under the heading



The latest in sports ensembles. A cardigan coat and skirt of wool canvas, completed by a scarf, jumper and extra pleated skirt of stockinette in a contrasting colour. (7½ guineas.)



Something new in golf kit, copied from a Chanel model. Suiting, very soft and light in weight, is used for the skirt and belted cardigan and the accompanying jumper is sleeveless. (6½ guineas.)

"stock size," had, perforce, to have everything made for them at an increased cost. Things are different now when each customer, whether she is tall, short, plump or thin, whatever her chest measurement or the size of her waist, can step into a becoming, up-to-date model, any tiny alteration there may be (there are usually none), being carried out in the workrooms in a very short space of time.

Busy women, women who are up from the country for a few hours, find shopping an easy matter to-day, with wearisome fittings a thing of the past.

All the models shown on these pages were sketched at Messrs. Shoolbred, 156, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.1.



# Here are TOASTS!

By *W. Teignmouth Shore*

*Toast may be made the foundation for  
many delectable dishes with which the  
housewife may delight her guests.*

**N**OT Toasts to drink, but to eat. Toasts which can make happy finales to a luncheon or a dinner, or which, upon occasion, provide a desirable informal supper after the play, or when home from a dance. In days, or I should say evenings, not so very long ago, when it was the custom to dine at six o'clock or thereabouts, a tray was brought into the drawing-room, laden with Toasts, forming what was sometimes called a "rere supper," and a very pleasant tray it was! Of course, liquid refreshments accompanied it!

Toasts provide openings for skill and imagination on the part of the hostess, who well may be the cook-lady also when an improvised meal is called for, and when solid cookeries are neither possible nor desirable. So I will describe the making of a few of the best toasts, in the assurance that they will prove suggestive of others equally good.

## THE TOAST ITSELF.

**I**T is essential that the foundation be well and truly laid, for otherwise the superstructure will not do justice either to itself or to you. Bread, however well browned before a clear fire, or under the gas griller, will not meet the occasion. What should be done is this: slices of bread, sometimes brown, about a quarter of an inch thick and about three inches square, decrusted, fried in very hot butter until light golden-brown colour!

Keep them hot! For a Toast must be served piping hot, which will sometimes call for a little managing. A chafing-dish is very serviceable for preparing toasts.

## FISHY INGREDIENTS.

**T**HE most famous toast, and one of the best, is the Anchovy, which is too often made haphazard and so unsatisfactory. Here is a good way:—Make a "butter," a half-and-half mixture of butter and pounded (and de-boned) anchovy fillets, and spread it thickly upon the toast; then a couple of the fillets crosswise; then a touch of red pepper; then hotting-up under the grill or in a very quick oven. I like the addition of a few drops of lemon juice; so, probably, will you.

Sardine Toast, thus:—Drain the fish from oil, eliminate the tails, skin and bone, and mash with a very small proportion of butter, adding a few capers; then the yolk of an egg or eggs. Pile thickly on the toast, and hot-up. Here, too, a few drops of lemon juice.

The noble Finnan Haddock delights to propose himself as a toast; if you are wise you will accept his proposal. Cut the gent in two, and put the halves on a plate into the oven or other hot place for a minute or thereabouts, which will enable you to skin him easily. Then cut the

meat into convenient sized pieces for the toast, and fry them in butter, to which you have introduced a little pepper and minced parsley. Put the pieces on toasts, adding a sprinkling of grated stale Gruyère or other cheese. Hot-up in the oven. Some folk like a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, but I think it kills the flavour of the fish.

Shrimps are goodly "toasted." Pick them; then toss them in a little melted butter, with a touch of mace and a few specks of red pepper. Then on to toast. Then hot-up. The "meat" of a lobster or a crab can be dealt with in similar fashion.

## VEGETABLE TOASTS.

**T**HERE are many jolly vegetable Toasts, of which one of the nicest is Parsley, thus:—Dice a little lean of cold ham or bacon, and mix it with half its amount of chopped parsley, and some pepper, and the beaten yolk of an egg. Stir this in a pan over a moderate heat, until it is fairly thick. Then toast and heat it. Beware of dryness, which can be cured with butter.

Other vegetable Toasts are made with a *purée* of almost any kind of cooked green vegetable, minced very finely, and warmed in a pan with a fair proportion of fried breadcrumbs and a little cream or unsweetened tinned milk. Be careful not to make it at all sloppy. Then put it on toast, fairly thick; a sprinkling of half-and-half baked breadcrumbs and grated cheese: and—the oven. It makes this more fascinating to spread very thinly anchovy paste upon the toast. Instead of the cheese well peppered buttered eggs can be used.

## SOME MORE SUBSTANTIALS.

**A** SAUSAGE meat Toast is a fine breakfast or supper dish! Pile the cooked meat about half-inch deep on the toast; in the centre a shaving of salted butter, a touch-up of made mustard; then the oven or the grill. Here again a grating of stale cheese on top is a toothsome addition, Parmesan, Gruyère, or English Cheshire.

Stewed kidneys, mashed with a little of their own or other fat, a mere nothing-so-to-speak of chopped Spanish onion, a small piece of butter, and a mere something-so-to-say of made mustard. Then toast it, fairly thick, brush with beaten yolk of egg, and finally a dusting of baked breadcrumbs. Bake or grill. A very simple Toast is minced lean of cold ham or bacon and a dash of tomato ketchup. On top of this a poached egg may be perched immediately before eating.

## EGGERS.

**N**OR should we forget that in Toastings, as in so many other kitchen "ings," the egg is a stand-by friend. Plain buttered eggs on toast, with maybe a sprinkling of grated lean of ham or bacon, or of mashed de-skinned and de-boned sardines, or two or three anchovy fillets

laid across, or a few shrimps, or a layer of tiny green peas, or—there are many other "may-be's" of which to think. Chopped hard-boileds, with a tiny amount of strong meat extract, or some tomato ketchup, and sometimes grated cheese atop, make goodly toasts; hot-up, of course. Egg Toasts afford charming opportunities to the inventive faculty, therefore being almost as much fun to make as to eat.

## CHEESE ALLIANCES.

**C**HEESE, too, is another stand-by, being almost, if not quite, on a par with eggs when the unexpected guest pops in or stays on. You can make an alliance of them, thus:—Butter three eggs, with a trifle of milk, pepper, salt, and a tablespoonful of grated cheese. Serve on toast, with more pepper if desired.

One more cheaser:—Two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, one of butter, a wee bit of made mustard, two pinches of salt, a dash of pepper, and a well-beaten egg, worked together until very smooth and thoroughly mingled; in consistency about that of a stiff batter. Put it on to the toast, thickly, and hot-up.

Only one sweet Toast; one that I love, but am not often permitted to take to my—bosom. Very hot toast, spread generously with "home-made" orange marmalade! Oh, but it is rr!

So here are Toasts for you!



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# A Journey Round a Room

**W**HAT is your ideal of what a living room should be? A place combining distinction with homeliness? Something that strikes a happy medium between the restlessness and confusion of overcrowding and Spartan simplicity, or the chilling monotony of everything true to period?

If you began to formulate your ideal, you would probably find that your first requirement was a colour scheme, definite enough to link up the furniture and ornaments into one harmonious whole, yet elastic enough to allow each group its own individual character and treatment. Such a room would be restful, because of the unifying influence of its colour, yet stimulating because of the variety in the arrangement of its furnishings and accessories. Incidentally, it would call for the exercise of the greatest taste and judgment.

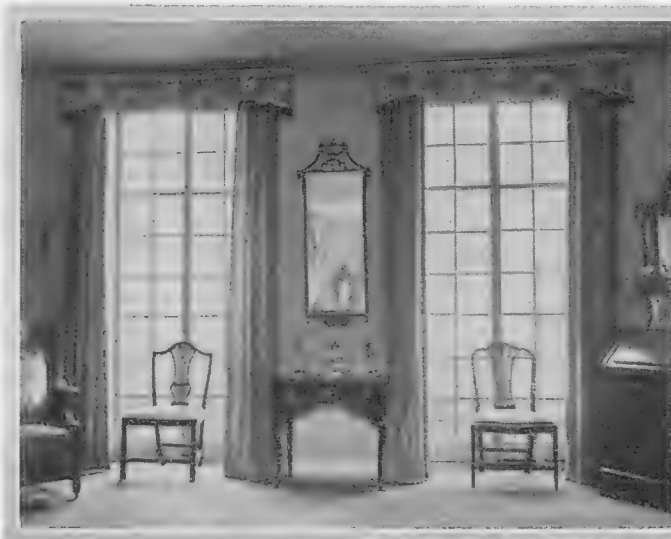
## A PERFECT ROOM.

**I**N the Chelsea home of Mr. Harold Brittan, the architect, is a room which provides an excellent object lesson in these various virtues. It is L shaped, being composed of two rooms thrown into one. As you cross the threshold, you feel its friendliness at once. It is serene. This is because there is not a

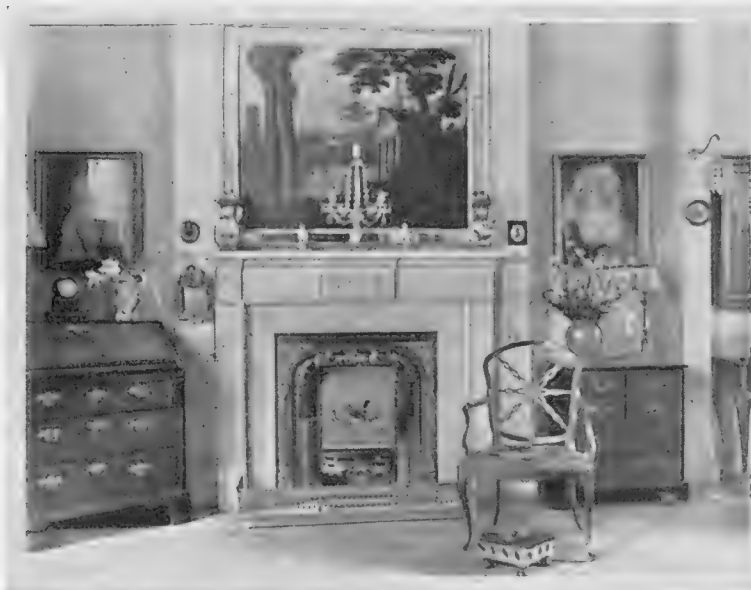
*Though tastes differ as to how a room should be furnished and decorated, it will be admitted that the room described in this article is nearly perfect in its arrangement*



*With two such interesting pieces as this imposing ancestral portrait and old clavichord, it was easy to arrange an attractive group.*



*Walnut pieces blend perfectly with the turquoise walls and amber curtains. Observe how the reflections in the mirrors add to the cheeriness of the room.*



*Here taste is shown in every detail of arrangement—especially in the unusual framing of the architectural painting.*

surplus of anything.

It is cheerful. And you will understand why when you hear what the colour scheme is. The walls are washed in pale blue turquoise, the ceiling in warm ivory, and the taffeta silk curtains are of clear amber. Their pelmets have a sprightly design carried out in a silk braid of lighter yellow.

No wood could harmonise more perfectly with this setting than the golden brown



*Here soft colourings in green and blue make an ideal background for the carved consol table.*

of old walnut. Most of the pieces are just what they should be; simply fashioned examples of the Queen Anne period.

*(Continued overleaf)*



# The Teaching of Yesterday for the Child of To-day

**I**F we can influence our pupils to find a joy in learning both in and out of school hours, in other words, to like work, we shall have begun our teaching on a basis that cannot fail to be successful. Children are not naturally idle but they are very easily bored and their work should be made interesting but not too easy. Healthy appetites don't need

some business instead of a delightful adventure.

**N**OR do we take sufficient interest in our children's reading.

A mother was talking to me the other day about her little daughter, saying how much the child loved reading. "She reads all day long," she said, "before and after meals, directly after her home work is done; in fact, she is never without a book in her hand." "What does she read?" I asked. "Anything that comes to hand, from fairy stories to history. No matter how many times she has read the books she reads them over again."

Now this practice is distinctly harmful—as harmful as eating sweets all day long and spoiling one's appetite for a good meal. To enjoy one's food, whether for the body or the mind, one must have a good appetite. Prepare a meal for

your child adapted to its needs and capacities and remember it is not the amount that he eats that will make him strong but what he digests. If a child's brain is crammed with lessons, reading, "preps"—with no moment in between for talking over and thinking about the subjects learned, the whole will become a hopeless muddle and mental indigestion will naturally follow.

**A**ND thrift! The French can teach us something about this. Even in the wealthiest French families, each member from about the age of seven, has his own little account book, which is balanced each week, and the children are never sent away when the grown-ups are talking business, as is our custom in England. They learn the value of money while they are young.

More than half of the unhappiness in early married life is due to bad management and lack of system in running a home.

It is not the modern child who is backward, but our methods of education. Let us stop applying the teaching of yesterday to the child of to-day.

E. KAY.

## A Journey Round a Room —continued

After taking note of the expedients which have been employed to give cohesion and unity to the room, the visitor will want to wander around it on a journey of exploration. He will find that each feature deserves his careful attention.

Just by the entrance door stands an ancient clavichord. This has been made the centre piece of a remarkably decorative unit. Above it hangs an imposing ancestral portrait in an old carved frame. No doubt the wood was once gilded in the orthodox way, but the gold leaf has been removed, leaving the wood in its natural state.

### A CLOCK AND CANDLESTICKS.

**A**NOTHER unconventional touch is the arrangement of the fine Empire clock and high candlesticks. These are usually looked upon as suitable for the mantelpiece only. But they are just the right shape and height for their position on the top of the old clavichord. Two sconces of transparent and coloured glass to each side of the portrait complete this attractive group.

The treatment of the wall, with its two large French windows, is unusually good. In fact, it might be taken as a model for any wall containing twin windows. The amber silk curtains, with their symmetrically designed pelmets, are just what is needed for such formal windows.

Between them is a delightful Queen Anne table. On it are grouped three colourful figures in old English pottery. Above them hangs a long eighteenth century mirror which might have been specially designed for the space it occupies, so appropriate is it in shape and size.

Another fascinating mirror has been placed over the desk, which is set just at the right angle to catch the light. The frame of this second mirror is made up of sections of ancient carved wood (also in their natural state) picked up in various Italian curio shops.

### SHOWING UP THE PICTURES.

**I**N this room the axiom that oil paintings require a side light if they are to be shown to best advantage has been carefully borne in mind. Whereas mirrors have been hung on walls with windows, so as to brighten the darker portions of the room with their cheerful reflections.

The desk, placed at an angle next one window, forms the connecting link between the wall with the twin windows and the long side of the room, whose main features are two fireplaces. One of these is pictured in an accompanying illustration. The architectural painting above it is agreeable in itself, but the visitor's attention will be focussed particularly on its frame. It is most uncommon.

This frame is composed of a fairly wide surround of glass framed at both sides by narrow strips of wood and intersected at intervals by strips of the same width. These strips have all been painted a pale blue to match the walls.

Between the second mantelpiece and the wall is a space about two feet wide. This recess has been filled in with shelves painted a canary yellow. It is surmounted by a scrollwork design. This and the edges of the shelves have been decorated with garlands of flowers reminiscent of the eighteenth century. This little open cabinet contains a delightful tea set of old Rockingham ware. The shelves were painted by Mr. Brittan himself.



Bengers food—predigested—nor on the other hand is forcible feeding any good. Successful teachers always study the individuality of their pupils.

Stimulate children to do the work for themselves. Don't do it for them. Have a good dictionary, a good English encyclopædia and a copy of the *Nouveau Petit Larousse Illustré* and let them dip into these for the answers to the questions you set them. In looking them up they will come across other subjects, hitherto unthought of either by pupil or teacher, and the minds of both will be kept on the alert.

**H**ISTORY and Geography should be alive and up to date, but lessons in these too often degenerate into lists of dates and exports and imports.

"I hate geography," said a child to me once.

"Do you like digging in the garden?" I replied. And, equipping the children with rulers and spades, we combined to make a relief to scale map of South America, and there was bitter disappointment when the geography lesson was over.

In their methods of teaching languages, particularly, the majority of English schools are far behind those of other countries. In this age of travel and international intercourse, young people cannot begin too early to have an understanding of countries other than their own, yet languages are still taught in the bad old way . . . translation exercises, tiring conjugations, questions and answers learnt by heart from manuals of conversation. There is no attempt to give pupils an insight into the history and literature of the country whose language they are studying, and the result is that learning foreign tongues becomes an utterly wearisome



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See Page facing 676  
of this issue for  
further particulars.



# Flying Like Motoring

By Lt.-Col. I. A. E. EDWARDS,  
C.M.G.

(Formerly Chief Technical Advisor on Civil Aviation  
at the Air Ministry.)



Miss Lya de Putti, the film star, now working at Elstree, is the owner of an Avro "Avian."

TO the men and women of to-day speed is a physical as well as an economic necessity. This fact is not always recognised, but it is undeniably true. So accustomed have we become to speed, that we experience no strain while travelling fast, but only when we are compelled to go slowly! Every motorist and every railway passenger knows that a compulsory 5 m.p.h. is infinitely more wearying than an unfettered 50 m.p.h. The air is the one place where we can indulge with safety our modern need of speed. It is amusing to remember that 150 years ago, when the coaches travelled for the first time from London to Edinburgh in 40 hours, at an average speed of 10 m.p.h., people were said to have died from apoplexy at the awful velocity. Many of us to-day would undoubtedly be more likely to die from nerve strain at the awful slowness if we were compelled to travel at this speed for any length of time.

## SPEED AT A REASONABLE COST.

IS there in existence a motor car costing £650 which will carry two people in comfort at a speed of 80 miles an hour, with a petrol consumption of 20 miles to the gallon, and a total running cost of 4d. a mile? I do not know of a car which comes anywhere near such an attractive performance at such a low price.

It is this advantage of speed at a reasonable cost, combined with the greater freedom and range of action to be enjoyed in flying, which is leading many motorists to learn to fly and to make the jump from the road to the air. The one serious drawback to flying at the moment is the short age of aerodromes, but I am glad to say that this is now about to be rectified.

Hundreds of people who a few years ago had scarcely ever seen an aeroplane have now qualified for their private pilot's licence, and many of them possess their own machines which they use regularly for getting about the country as others use cars.



Vicomte de Sibur and his wife (the daughter of Mr. Gordon Selfridge), who are making an air tour round the world in a two-seater "Moth."

It is only lack of facilities for flying which prevents thousands from following their example.

Travelling by light aeroplane is astonishingly cheap. Four gallons of petrol and about one pint of oil is sufficient for an hour's flying, covering approximately 80 miles. The fuel bill thus works out at a trifle over 1d. a mile. Trips to the Continent, which for the motorist would be prohibited by both cost and time, can be made with the greatest ease and extraordinarily small expense by light aeroplane. A week-end flight to Paris replaces a motor run to Brighton.

## HOLIDAYS BY AIR.

AS fuel is carried for four hours' flying, in addition to two people and their luggage, distances of about 320 miles can be flown non-stop. The Alps, the Fjords, the Riviera, and the Lido are all within the compass of a day's flying. Breakfast in London, lunch in Cologne, and dinner in Berlin is a fairly common itinerary for air tourists.

Any man or woman who has nerves strong enough to drive a car and eyesight sound enough to play a good game of tennis possesses all the physical equipment needed for flying. That is to say, that any fit person can learn to fly with confidence. There is

absolutely no reason why the normal individual should distrust his or her ability to master the art of piloting. The common idea that landing an aeroplane travelling at 40-50 miles an hour calls for exceptionally good nerves and eyes is a myth. Naturally, practice is required under the direction of a competent instructor, but it is within the powers of practically everybody to gain the necessary proficiency to fly safely and well. It is being done by people of all ages, ranging from 17 to 70.

A week or so ago a new pilot who had just taken delivery of his own "Moth" celebrated the occasion by flying to Switzerland—his first cross-country flight. Although this example is not one to be recommended for all new pilots to follow, it does at least show



REFUELLING ON THE GREAT NORTH ROAD. An incident at Scremerston, near Berwick, where an enterprising garage proprietor has provided a landing ground.

that a complete novice may learn to fly and embark on a continental air tour a few weeks after making the acquaintance of an aeroplane for the first time.

Who can doubt that flying will follow in the footsteps of motoring and become a great popular pastime as well as a very valuable method of commercial transport?

#### GREAT BRITAIN'S LEAD.

WE shall witness in England, I believe, an immense development of the popular flying movement during the next few years. The enthusiasm which produced the present flying club is a foretaste of the interest that will be aroused when an organised system of aerodromes and facilities has been provided. Great Britain is already leading the world in light aeroplane development, in spite of such limiting factors as our short distances, our foggy weather, and our excellent train service, which are so often described as insuperable handicaps to flying in this country.

Paradoxical though it may seem, it is the present overwhelming popularity of motoring that will do more than anything else to popularise flying, for every motor owner of the younger generation is likely to graduate into an aeroplane owner.

As every year adds its 350,000 new cars to the overburdened roads, as motoring becomes progressively less pleasurable and more irksome, and as the loss of life in road accidents becomes steadily more and more terrible, people will be literally forced to take to the air. It is impossible to see how any scheme of road building can cope with the onrush of new vehicles at the present pace.

It seems to me inevitable, therefore, that a large part of the present keenness for motoring will undergo a transformation and reappear as keenness for flying. I can easily imagine the time—not many years hence—when the motor car will be looked upon as almost as old-fashioned as a horse and trap, and it will be the ambition of every modern-minded man and woman to keep an aeroplane. The transformation is actually beginning in

front of our eyes to-day. People are learning to fly in greater numbers than ever before, the output of light aeroplanes is being doubled and trebled, and everything points towards a boom in flying, rivalling the motoring boom.

#### THE NATIONAL FLYING SCHEME.

BUT before this can happen, a big improvement must first be made in the ground fa-



*Everywhere by Air. Sir Sefton Brancker, the Director of Civil Aviation, scarcely ever travels by ground transport. His "Moth" G.E.D.C.A. is familiar at all aerodromes.*



*A famous woman motorist who has taken up flying —Mrs. W. B. Scott.*

cilities for flying. Every owner of an aeroplane to-day bewails the lack of aerodromes and the difficulties imposed on air touring through the lack of properly organised ground services. The early motorists were more fortunate. When motoring began there was an adequate system of roads with numerous roadside hotels already in being, and it only needed the addition of garages, petrol stations, and road signs to make the ground organisation for motoring complete.

Flying, however, has had to start under the handicap that the ground organisation is practically non-existent. The flyer to-day is in the position that the motorist would be in if there were only half-a-dozen properly made roads in the country, and only one or two garages equipped to undertake repairs and "service."

It is to provide a remedy for this state of affairs that the new company known as National Flying Services, Ltd., with which I am identified, has been organised. Flying clubs, where people can learn to fly at a reasonable charge, will be established in many parts of the country where such facilities are now lacking, and all the chief towns will gradually be linked together by a system of aerodromes and landing grounds. Air taxis will be stationed at each of the main flying centres and will be available at the standard rate of 1s. a mile.

In regard to aerodromes, England is lamentably behind most other countries. Although interest in flying is as keen here as anywhere else, we have been neglecting the elementary foundation that makes flying

possible—the aerodromes and ground organisation. One of the chief features of the company's plan is therefore to co-operate with municipal authorities in the provision of aerodromes and the stimulation of local flying activities.

Regular air services may be expected to develop naturally out of the growth of the flying habit and the use of the air taxi. As certain routes are flown more and more frequently, it will eventually become possible to establish regular air transport services.



*The "fabric saloon" of the air. The four passenger De Havilland "Hawk-Moth," a luxury machine for the private owner or air taxi service.*



*Col. The Master of Sempill keeps his light seaplane on the Welsh Harp reservoir and uses it regularly for business and pleasure journeys.*



Britannia's Pulbit

# RELIGION

By the REV. LAUHLAN

MACLEAN WATT, D.D.

Minister of Glasgow Cathedral

**N**OW, perhaps the most practical definition of the moral duties of the soul is that given by the prophet Micah, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." It is, indeed, what both God and man are entitled to at our hands. We have no right to face life, and our fellows, on any other terms; and we cannot go to God with any other plea. The principle on which it is based binds the individual, and the community, to what is higher than the dust we walk and work in.

## THE URGE OF FAITH.

**W**HEN we add to it the injunction of Jesus Christ to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, leaving all those things besides that are worthy of our desire, in the busy trouble of the world, to come in when we have a clean house furnished for them, we find that we have stepped forward into a sphere of contact with commanding spirituality, which is not divorced from honourable ambitions and earnest action.

We are the more clearly shown that this is so when the apostle James reminds us that pure religion is no mere abstract form of belief to which the mind has given its assent, but a living force toiling and achieving on the constant urge of faith. "Pure religion and undefiled is to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Religion not only practises what it preaches, but it endeavours to bring into deed, as well as word, what it holds even in hallowed reticence in the deepest and most secret places of the heart. In that threefold light, therefore, the soul goes forward as with the power of a fuller revelation, by broadening pathways into nobler service, in a diviner quest, discovering the secret of a developing life wherein faith and conduct grow together into a unified activity, under the guidance of what becomes truly a very concise and most practical creed.

Nothing can eclipse that interwoven statement for its breadth, depth, and utility, in everyday business. It truly is that common sense, rarefied, clarified, and sanctified, which clothes humanity about with the light which is the Light of men.

## TWO-SIDED JOY.

**H**UMANITY at its best is a two-handed affair—one hand for self-help, and another to grip the soul by one's side, that is, it may be, reeling to disaster. Self-help is a fact of the religious life, just as much as of the life that shuts its eyes to everything except the purely material need of the moment. The life that makes either worldly gain or merely spiritual profit, at whatsoever cost, the prime and final purport of existence, is a truncated life.

The soul that sets coin or position before it, as its main ideal, will have stains on its heart which may awaken wonder, and regarding which it may have difficulties of explanation; for many a penny, hot with wrong, or red with the blood of oppression on it, will leave the mark of burning, bruise, or uncleanness in its passage to the bank. Yet the soul that squanders what it honourably wins, secures only a place in the paradise of fools—a corner in the lunatic asylum, a seat by the workhouse fire, or a stance in the windswept rain-beaten queue at the Bureau of the Unemployable. There is no virtue in improvidence, here or anywhere.

The soul that uses what it wins only for its own pleasure, or for purchase of its own desires, which perish in the using, gains either a loveless solitude or a cheerless plenty. For all joy has two sides, and that which has not windows and doors towards the lives of others is shadowed by a chill for which it cannot find an explanation until too late.

## WRONG GENEROSITY.

**R**ELIGION enters into all getting and spending. Even if a man does not spend all in unhampered selfishness he is not justified in making himself a pauper, to be maintained by the State, through surrender to extravagant and improvident giving to others. It would be a plea, which could never be accepted in any court of heart or heaven, that we had to leave our grocer's bill unpaid, because we were so busy doing good that we had no money left with which to meet our lawful debts.

Our generousities must never drag into bankruptcy the tradesmen or others dependent upon the honourable meeting by us of all our obligations.

The soul that is devoted to selfish material gain gets splashed with mud, and sometimes blood, of the world; but the soul that seeks spiritual glory by selfish means has explanations, also, to make, which may have just as much discredit about them. A man may lose his own soul through wrong seeking of both worlds, or of either world; and it must be as awkward, indeed, to stand in the Judgment beside the man or woman whose children suffered want because we built churches or founded orphanages with what should have bought them their daily bread, as to stand alone, after a mean life of daily scraping and cringing, in the gutters of selfish profit and preferment, which, after all, leaves us naked at the shivering edge of the grave when we go hence.

**H**ANDS get warm by grasping the hands of others in the chill vigil, or in the movement onwards through the night; and hearts beat with a richer pulsation beside other hearts in the dark.

Religion is, in fact, a very practical thing, or it is nothing. It is love, with hands and feet. True life is not walled about with asbestos, but with angels' wings. The house of the soul is lighted, not with a guttering candle, but with the constant white flame of love. He who helps others to lift their eyes above misty horizons where Want and Sorrow brood will share with them the vision of the morning star which overcomes the fear that is born of setting suns.

This is how Christianity, permeating the prophet's definition, takes it out of the mere place of a motto on a calendar, thrilling it with the awaking promise of the dawn, requickening the flowers of Hope, that have shrivelled on their stalk in the life that has lost its gladness, and making the despairing heart a fresh Garden of Love.

## THE MASS NOT THE INDIVIDUAL.

**W**HAT is sorely needed to-day is the recognition that Christianity is an intensely practical fact. A religion that is mere ethic might as well be written on tombstones. If we do not carry love divine with us it is not worth while singing about it.

When the soul recognises that the Divine Meridian Number One passes through all human distresses, anxieties, and despairings, a voice like that which said, "Let there be light!" whispers its message over the desolation and emptiness of Chaos; and a new world rises from the abyss, as in the beginning. Not the individual but the mass—not one beating heart but the chorus of all life's pulsations, gives the universe its meaning then

—unfolds significance to our conflict—clothes our naked poverty with majesty of honour, and lifts us along the trail in our working graith, unashamed, home to our heritage.

The life that falls short of that may, nevertheless, still be within the hinterlands, of faith, "not far from the Kingdom of God." But the life that is in it, though lame, poor, dumb, maimed, and stricken, does not go empty handed or empty hearted home. For Love is the only thing that the soul carries with it through the Dark Valley. All else has to be laid down at the threshold of the last door, when we reach it at the end of the journey. Whatever else we remember do not let us forget that.

The door of God's mercy is wider than we know. A man and his money cannot get through together; but a man and his neighbour will have room enough. Many a poor woman, who knew little of creeds, and the little ones hanging on to her skirt. And, though we have to lay down the world at the threshold, and leave it there, we can find free thoroughfare for ourselves and the broken "down-and-out" who has fallen in the way among thieves, if we be true, and trust the love that broke the grave to ruins with His cross.

That is the significance of true religion, and any creed which does not cover that is too short and narrow to keep the heart warm for God.

*He who helps others to lift their eyes above misty horizons where Want and Sorrow brood will share with them the vision of the morning star which overcomes the fear that is born of setting suns.*

# Motor Rallies

By the Hon. Victor  
and Mrs. Bruce

*In spite of the official ban placed on participation in motor rallies by the Trade, amateurs are showing every keenness to enter for them and other competitions.*

**M**OTORING is very much more definitely divided into its two aspects as a pastime and a sport than any other similar occupation; and, generally speaking, until recently the sporting side has been little followed by amateurs. The success of the London to Land's End annual Easter run, organised by the Motor Cycling Club, since this event became to all intents and purposes a closed amateur competition, proves, however, that there is no lack of keenness, and that a well-organised competitive event is certain to attract a satisfactory entry list.

Much dissatisfaction has been expressed at the banning, so far as their members are concerned, by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders of the motor rallies which were inaugurated last year in this country, and which showed signs of reaching the proportions of a craze. While it does seem a pity, from the point of view of both trade and public, that so harmless and undoubtedly useful a form of contest should have incurred the Society's displeasure, even this cloud has its silver lining.

## LONDON TO BRIGHTON RUN.

**O**N the basis that this year's London-Land's End had a record car entry list, in spite of the absence of trade participants, it is reasonable to reckon that motor rallies—which will continue to take place, in spite of the trade ban—will attract more amateur entries which would not otherwise have been made than the number which are lost through the ban.

Anyway, the organisers of these events are proceeding on this expectation, and one of the first to be held this year will be the Brighton event, in connection with which a most elaborate programme has been drawn up. Not only will there be the rally from all parts of Great Britain, with a regularity competition over the last stage from London to Brighton, but acceleration tests will be held, and of course the great attraction of the whole meeting will be the *Concours d'élégance* on the second day—the event will be held on July 4th and 5th, by the way.

## MOTOR BOAT RACING.

**I**N addition, a great motor boat racing programme is being arranged, while the

meeting will conclude with a civic reception and ball. The organisers are the Brighton and Hove Motor Club and the Sussex

Motor Yacht Club, and it is hoped that many of the craft which are competing in the earlier international motor boat racing on the Thames will proceed to Brighton for the rally. This rally may be regarded as something in the nature of a test case. The evidence so far rather points to the fact that amateurs are much more keen on the sporting, or rather competitive, side of their pastime than one might have imagined, and have only refrained from entering more largely on account of the natural hesitation to pit the mechanical efficiency of their cars against new and factory-maintained vehicles, while the personal element enters into the matter as well, no doubt. It will be very interesting indeed to see whether the re-

meeting will conclude with a civic reception and ball. The organisers are the Brighton and Hove Motor Club and the Sussex

## FOREIGN TOURING BOOM

**A**CCORDING to all reports, new records are going to be established in the number of motorists who will take their cars abroad this season—which is all to the good, since not only will it free the roads from those particular cars (rather an insignificant relief, one fears!) but it will give all those who venture across the Channel a broader experience in a shorter time than is possible at home. For the benefit of those who are somewhat fearfully contemplating the great adventure to which they find themselves committed, it might be useful to reiterate a few of the hints on touring abroad which have already been given in



*Ancient and Modern. The charming old cottages of Mill Lane, Warwick, make a pleasing background for the modern Hillman Straight-Eight Saloon.*



*Mrs. Malcolm Campbell, wife of the famous racing motorist, photographed with her Rolls-Royce car when in South Africa.*

sults of the Brighton rally, in regard to the entry list, repeat those which have been obtained in connection with the London-Land's End.

these columns from time to time.

In the first place, then, there is no need at all to fear the usual differences from motoring at home—the strange language, the opposite rule of the road, the difficulty of finding the way, and the possibility that the car is not suitable for the proposed trip. The English language alone is probably quite as useful as the average schoolboy French, and with the aid of a dictionary or phrase book, in which one can show (not speak) the name of the article for which one is enquiring, it carries one anywhere with very little trouble.

Driving on the right becomes instinctive in a very little while, and it is only on meeting another vehicle during the first day on a lonely road that the stranger is liable to go wrong. As to finding the way and the question of mechanical durability, these are entirely imaginary



difficulties, providing the main roads, which are well signposted, smooth and easily graded, are followed, and that the car is fit for service at home.

#### DRIVING POINTS.

**S**PECIAL points to be observed in regard to driving are extreme care in villages, nearly all of which have definite low speed limits, and most of which are blessed (from the point of view of the inhabitants) with deep gullies at entrance and exit, and also extreme care to keep to the proper side of the road on the winding highways of the Riviera and the mountains. Since klaxons are prohibited in towns, an alternative hooter, preferably of the high pitched variety general on the Continent, should be carried, while a car not fitted with any form of headlamp dipping mechanism must have a spot light.

It is compulsory to diminish the illumination of the headlamps to a non-dazzling degree on meeting another vehicle, and as this means switching right off, the spot lamp is practically essential to comfort and safety. In regard to the many cars equipped with dipping and deflecting reflectors, it should be remembered that with the reversed rule of the road, the direction in which the beam is deflected also needs to be reversed.

#### DANGEROUS TEMPTATIONS.

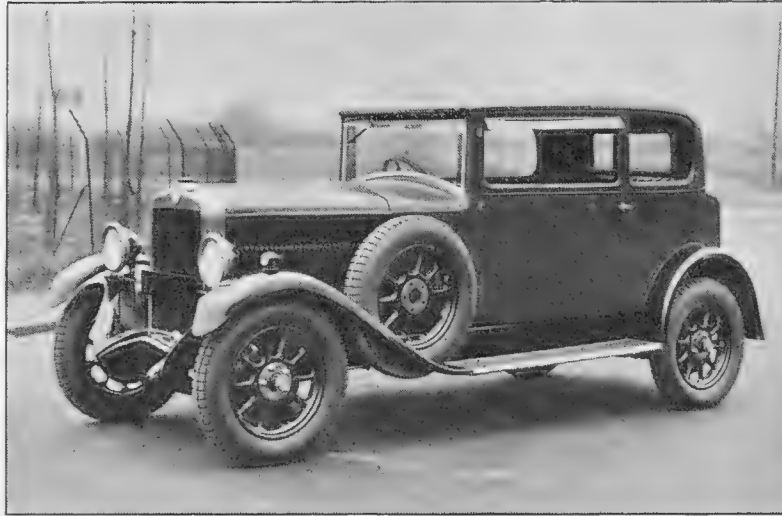
**T**HOSE are about the only special precautions necessary. So far as the carrying of abnormal spares is concerned, each owner knows his car; and there is not the slightest reason to suppose that it is more likely to go wrong on the Continent, providing that it is driven reasonably. In the case of the long, straight roads of France, it is obviously foolish with a light, inexpensive car to put one's foot hard down on the accelerator and keep it there indefinitely. Neither the cooling nor the lubrication can be expected to stand up to such exceptional use; but those lovely "straights," and the complete absence of either police restraint or traffic congestion are very tempting!

#### TRYING OUT THE 17-50 H.P. FIAT.

|                         |                                                                                                 |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Engine .. .. .          | Six cylinders, 68 m.m. bore and 103 m.m. stroke; 2,244 c.c.; 7-bearing crankshaft; side valves. |
| Tax .. .. .             | £18                                                                                             |
| Ignition.. .. .         | Coil                                                                                            |
| Carburettor .. .        | Solex                                                                                           |
| Clutch .. .. .          | Single plate                                                                                    |
| Gearbox .. .. .         | Four speeds, 5.3, 9.3, 12.71 and 21.91 to 1; central control                                    |
| Electrical equipment .. | Fiat                                                                                            |
| Price .. .. .           | Weymann saloon, £385                                                                            |

**O**NE of the best known of the imported makes of car, the 17-50 h.p. six-cylinder Fiat, is equally among the most moderately

priced vehicles of its type. The engine is smooth and amply powerful for its large roomy body, which, in the case of the specimen tested, was of Weymann design. The car has excellent powers of acceleration on top speed, and the gear change, making allowance for a somewhat fierce clutch, is reasonably easy. Steering, braking and suspension are well up to the average standard, and in fact the whole control of the car is light and simple. At the price of £385 for the Weymann saloon model, the



*The 17-50 h.p. Fiat has an engine which is smooth and powerful, while it has excellent powers of acceleration on top speed.*

six-cylinder Fiat is an unusually creditable production.

#### SIGNPOST READING.

**W**HILE there are many ways in which the system of signposting the roads of this country could be improved, we must take things as they are. One of these things is that one cannot tell where a turning leads until the car has reached it; sometimes, even, it may be necessary to run actually past the side road before discovering from the signpost that it is the road one wants. There is a danger, in the concentration of the moment, to forget that there may be other

traffic on the road, and to pull up rapidly without giving warning.

Care is particularly needed in this respect when, as so often happens, the signpost surmounts a knoll in the middle of a complicated junction of roads. If the car is pulled up in such a position that the driver can investigate the various arms of the post without leaving his seat, it is quite possible that one or more of the branch roads may be obstructed; and the obstruction may be dangerous as well as irritating if the crossing happens to be on a bend in any of the roads.

The real remedy, of course, is more legible signposting, and particularly the placing of the post some way in advance of the turning, instead of actually on the corner. That may come in time, and it has to be admitted that the modern system employed on all the new arterial and similar roads is a great improvement on the old.

#### DECARBONISATION SNAGS.

**A** RELATIVE beginner is often disappointed with the effects of the first decarbonisation to which he treats his engine. The sequence of events is something like this. When the car is new, it has to be gently treated, but after a while the engine becomes noticeably more lively. It goes on improving up to the point where an increase in its tendency to "pink" increases. Temporarily, benzol is added to the fuel to cure the pinking, and the engine is again as lively as ever.

The time comes when the car can be spared for a day, and the de-coking process is performed. Anticipating much improved results, the owner is desolated to find that his car is as dead as mutton! Changing the plugs and resetting the spark gaps has no effect; carburettor adjustment possibly makes matters worse. In time, if he becomes resigned, the engine regains all its old life; but the explanation is very simple. A certain amount of carbon deposit is good, in that it increases the compression ratio of the engine, thereby giving abnormal liveliness.



*The new sport of outboard motor boating has caught on wherever there is water on which to float a boat. The enthusiasts in the picture have sought a backwater in which to picnic.*

# Brighter Bridge

By G. H. W. RAMSEY

## PROBLEM XIV.

WEST deals and bids 1 Heart; North, no bid; East, no bid; South, 1 Spade; West, 2 Hearts; North, 2 Spades; all pass.

|       |              |
|-------|--------------|
| ♠     | 10, 9, 5, 4. |
| ♥     | K, Q, 5.     |
| ♦     | J, 5, 4, 2.  |
| ♣     | Q, 6.        |
| North |              |
| West  | East         |
| South |              |
| ♠     | A, K, 6, 3.  |
| ♥     | 10, 4, 2.    |
| ♦     | A, Q, 8.     |
| ♣     | K, 9, 5.     |

The first 7 tricks go:—

| W   | N   | E   | S    |
|-----|-----|-----|------|
| ♥ A | ♥ 5 | ♥ J | ♥ 2  |
| ♥ 3 | ♥ Q | ♠ 2 | ♥ 4  |
| ♣ A | ♣ 6 | ♣ 3 | ♣ 9  |
| ♥ 6 | ♥ K | ♠ J | ♥ 10 |
| ♣ 4 | ♣ Q | ♣ 2 | ♣ 5  |
| ♦ 6 | ♦ J | ♦ K | ♦ A  |
| ♠ 7 | ♠ 4 | ♣ 7 | ♠ A  |

## SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XIV.

THIS problem is on all fours with Problem XIII, the correct reading of the hands and the application of the knowledge thus gained to enable a dubious contract to be certainly made. Problem XIV is, in fact, devised to show how it is possible to foist the lead on to an adversary, compelling him to lead a suit to his own disadvantage.

In the present case, West has bid hearts and has been marked by the play with six cards in suit, of which he has three cards remaining. He is also marked with two spades. He has followed to one round of diamonds and two rounds of clubs. Of his 13 cards, therefore, South has accounted for 12; the odd card is more likely to be a club than a diamond, or East would have held six cards in the black minor and might well have essayed either a denial or a secondary bid.

That East has only 5 clubs is rendered even more probable by the fact that he has led first the three and then the two—a probable original fourth best gambit.

It is, therefore, obvious that West is left with three hearts, queen and one of spades and a club.

In view of this fact, South plans an invincible campaign. He first leads his top spade and then his top club, both winning tricks. For trick 10, he leads either the diamond queen or a losing spade—it matters not which. If the former West can either hold off or trump; if the latter, South leads a losing spade at trick 11.

In either event, West is compelled to lead a heart which can

be trumped in one hand, affording the other a vital discard.

The *clou* on which this type of play depends is the abstraction of "cards of exit"—cards by which an inconvenient lead can be thrown away. Should South, for example, lead the losing trump before the winning, West could stick him back in the lead, with the third spade; if the gambit be played before the club lead is made, the club puts South in to lead a losing diamond.

Close card reading is essential, adequately and efficiently, to employ any devices such as "throw in" plays, "squeeze plays," grand *coups*, and the like. One must always be on the *qui vive* to deduce what cards an opponent can hold and what cards he *must* hold; and avail oneself of the knowledge one possesses.

Assume that against an uncontested no trumper West's opening lead is a 2 of spades and he later shows a singleton heart; how many of us fail to realise that the minor suits in West's hand are each of four cards, and are probably headed by weaker combinations than his spades.

In this case, if the spades in South's hand are Ace-King and North has the Jack, West's lead was, probably, from the Queen.

Now, if North has five diamonds to Queen and South three to Ace-Jack-ten, if there is no funny business East is marked with the single King. This seems complicated deduction, but even in actual play (not a problem hand where one can experiment mentally) an expert will lead the Ace with confidence, retaining dummy's

potential entries for some late play, say, perhaps, to make Q x of diamonds, shutting out West's 9.

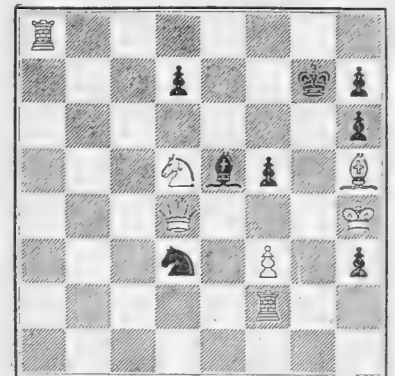
## PRIZE-WINNERS.

Mrs. P. R. Cadell, 1, Onslow Square, S.W.7; Phillip Kennedy, 85, Haddington Road, Dublin; P. R. Christie, Old Manor Cottage, Palace Road, East Molesey; M. C. Moxham, Aldborough, Norwich; C. Thompson, 9, Shaftesbury Avenue, Bedford.

# CHESS

By T. C. EVANS

Problem No. 18. By C. S. KIPPING.



White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions (postcards preferred) should be addressed, Chess Editor, BRITANNIA, Strand, W.C.2, and they must arrive not later than Friday next. Due allowance will be made for overseas solvers.

Problem No. 16 (Schiffmann): Key Q—Kt2 (threat R—Q6). If Q—K3ch; 2 R—K4! If B—K3; 2 R—B4! If P—K3; 2 KtP. If P—K4; 2 Kt—K4. A stylish problem, by the well-known Roumanian composer, demonstrates unpinning of Black Queen with interferences. This theme is most effectively employed in the second and third variations. The key sets up a battery, but allows an extenuating check, which forces a nice cross-check mate.

End-Game No. 14 (Dorasil): 8; 2r2pRP; 8; 2p5; 7r; 8; k1K4p; 6Rr. White to play and win.

Solution to End-Game No. 13 (Kubbel): 1 Kt—B5ch, K—Kt3; 2 R—Kt7ch, KxKt; 3 RxP, BxRch; 4 K—R3, P—Kt5=Q Stalemate. If 2... K—B3; 3 KtxP, KxR! 4 Kt—K2.

## Selected Game.

Game No. 18. A recent game between two strong Dutch players illustrates how one false step can sometimes bring immediate disaster.

### Queen's Pawn Opening.

| White.     | Black.          |
|------------|-----------------|
| E. Straat. | J. H. Wertheim. |
| 1 P—Q4     | 1 Kt—KB3        |
| 2 P—QB4    | 2 P—Kt3         |
| 3 Kt—QB3   | 3 B—Kt2 (a)     |
| 4 P—K4     | 4 P—Q3          |
| 5 P—B3 (b) | 5 P—O           |
| 6 B—K3     | 6 P—Kt3         |
| 7 Q—Q2     | 7 R—K1          |
| 8 O—O—O    | 8 P—B4          |
| 9 P—Q5     | 9 Kt—R3         |
| 10 P—KKt4  | 10 Kt—B2        |
| 11 P—KR4   | 11 P—QR3        |
| 12 P—R5    | 12 P—QKt4       |
| 13 RpxP    | 13 RpxP (c)     |
| 14 B—R6    | 14 B—R1         |
| 15 Q—R2    | 15 Kt—Q2        |
| 16 B—Q2    | 16 Resigns      |

(a) In the Grunfeld defence, 3... P—Q4 is played.

(b) Alternatives are P—B4 or Kt—B3.

(c) The correct move was BpxP. Black's weak move involves him in irretrievable disaster, and allows his opponent to finish off the game very quickly.

Correct solution of Problem No. 14 (2 pts.) from Nos. 1, 3, 14, 15, 21, 22, 26, 46, 51, 53, 54, 72, 83, 84, 85, 96, 97, 112, 126, 129, 143, 162, 172, 173, 182, 184, 185, 186, 187, 190, 191, 217, 226 and 229. Also solved by R. E. G. Richardson. Many solvers fancied P—Kt4, overlooking Kt—B6!

Problem No. 15 had a second solution, Q—QB7, therefore, no variation play will count. Mr. F. Vincent (217) was the only solver to find both keys and score 8 pts. One key (4 pts.) was sent by Nos. 1, 3, 14, 15, 21, 22, 25, 27, 31, 53, 54, 83, 84, 85, 96, 112, 126, 129, 143, 162, 172, 173, 182, 184, 185, 186, 187, 203, 226 and 229.

Additional solutions, Prob. No. 13 (6 pts.) from Nos. 22 and 46. End-Game No. 11, was solved by P. Stobart.

## BRITANNIA CROSSWORDS—No. 18

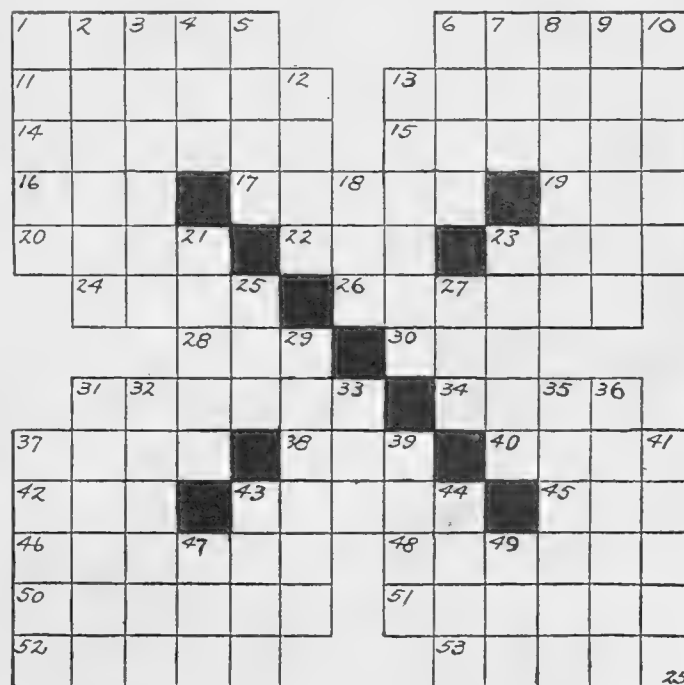
### CLUES.

Across.—1, Describes an organ. 6, Rough with or without a hundred. 11, Either a topless small house or an American dish. 13, "Rapide." 14, Works in the House of Commons. 15, Found in every country and in the sea. 16, A muddled man. 17, A root but not necessarily of all evil; 19, End of elastic. 20, Part of an organ. 22, A dog on its head. 23, You can't better this. 24, Mixed pots or trees. 26, "The best men have ever loved" this according to James Thomson. 28, Not all right. 30, Headless and endless body. 31, Exhibition railways are sometimes this. 34, Think of a number and take a third from it. 37, "Too apt to—at every stranger's

Solutions must reach the Crossword Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, not later than the first post on Friday, April 26th. The Editor's decision is final.

brow" (Byron). 32, Malayan dagger. 33, Part of a buskin. 35, "Move it" (anag.). 36, Only just bowled. 37, Locarno is one example of these. 39, Found in a lute sometimes. 41, Parts of the Realm. 43, A third of a pruning instrument. 44, Junket ingredient. 47, One of Henry's wives beheaded. 49, An extremity.

Crossword No. 17. SOLUTIONS. ACROSS.—1, Alem. 5, Asp. 8, Glad. 12, Peri. 13, Bar. 14, Rate. 15, Inns. 16, Awe. 17, Anil. 18, Steer. 20, Vandal. 22, Rea. 24, End. 25, President. 29, Spa. 32, Air. 33, Hat. 34, Key. 35, Tog. 36, Determine.



praise." (O. W. Holmes). 38, "Per pro." 40, "Washing his hands with invisible." (T. Hood). 42, A topless fence. 43, A delicate species of humour. 45, One goal all. 46, Embrace (Biblical). 48, Very trivial. 50, Refined. 51, Obsolete legal action. 52, "The dull-of self-loved ignorance" (Shelley). 53, Better than words.

Down.—1, Crisp ones are the best. 2, Catkins. 3, "By being—seen, I could not stir" (Shakespeare). 4, With "over," finished. 5, An invented dance. 6, Cajole. 7, "To lie in cold obstruction and to—" (Shakespeare). 8, Weds. 9, Give by will. 10, Perpendicular. 12, An unprogressive market. 13, Shoot from trees. 18, Half a bedroom. 21, "Reely refained." 23, An additional dividend. 25, Found in Martinis. 27, A very foolish thing, according to Theodore Hook. 29, Talented. 31, "Smile not at my—

39, Fir. 40, Due. 41, Regime. 44, Eland. 48, Anon. 49, Nee. 52, Odor. 53, Tile. 54, Cry. 55, Nisi. 56, Adds. 57, Ere. 58, Step. Down.—1, Apis. 2, Lent. 3, Erne. 4, Misers. 5, Aba. 6, Saw. 7, Prevented. 8, Grand. 9, Land. 10, Atia. 11, Dell. 19, Rei. 21, Ant. 23, Adherence. 25, Pat. 26, Rio. 27, Erg. 28, Eat. 29, Ski. 30, Pen. 31, Aye. 36, Dim. 37, Rue. 38, Melons. 39, Fines. 41, Rata. 42, Enid. 43, Gold. 45, Adit. 46, Nose. 47, Drip. 50, Ere. 51, Eye.

Crossword No. 15. WINNERS.—Major General M. Cowper, Pleasant Place, Cardington, Bedford; George Breakwell, Arthog, 3, Stoneleigh Avenue, Coventry; H. B. Mapleton, Highweek, Newton Abbot, S. Devon. Mrs. A. G. Blaxley, 19, Lutterworth Road, Northampton; John B. Chalmers, 14, Avonwick Road, Hounslow, Middlesex.





*Stamford Raffles's dream come true. The busy harbour of Singapore, the great entrepôt port of the Far East.*

By PHILIP C. COOTE

RATHER over fifty years ago a white man, attended only by a few Malays of doubtful loyalty, and Sikhs, struggled up the sultry reaches of the Perak River. His mission was one which was distasteful to the Malays, for he was promulgating an unpopular proclamation, and at Pasir Salak one bright morning he was stabbed to death as he was bathing in the river. Thomas Woodford Birch's end was, in due course, avenged, the ringleaders were executed, and the Sultan Abdullah, who had connived at the murder, was deposed and deported.

Eight years ago the descendants of Abdullah played football against the relatives of the reigning Sultan of Perak—and won.

#### THE FORESIGHT OF RAFFLES.

THIS shows adequately what an immense advance has been made in British Malaya under British rule. From a lawless and piratical country Malaya has become as happy and contented a territory as any within the confines of the Empire, the home of as miscellaneous a collection of peoples as you will find anywhere.

When Stamford Raffles, in his wisdom, founded the little trading station of Singapore, in the island of that name at the south of the Malay Peninsula, he intended that it should be a place from which British merchants of the John Company could counteract Dutch commercial influence in the Archipelago.

Raffles—who had previously conquered Java, and then, to his annoyance, seen it handed back to the enemy—hated the Dutch, but shortly after the founding of Singapore all differences with them were patched up. Nevertheless, Raffles's foundation prospered, and it has, a hundred and ten years after he first set foot on the island, become the "Malta of the East."

It is doubtful whether Raffles ever envisaged Singapore as a great naval station. As a servant of the John Company (he sat at a desk next to Charles Lamb) he was solely interested in commerce. Apart from

his descent on Java, his was a life of peace and sorrow, lived for the most part among a warlike people. And Stamford Raffles paved the way for a succession of brilliant administrators in Malaya, who, by their love for the country and its fascinating people, have made Malaya a rich gem in the British Empire—the biggest rubber and tin-producing territory in the world.

Such names as Swettenham, Birch, Hugh Low, Clementi Smith, Brockman, Guillemard and Hugh Clifford, to mention only a few, must ever live in Malaya's annals.

#### "AMOK! AMOK!"

ALTHOUGH in the days of the elder Birch—his son, Sir Ernest Birch, has devoted the most of his life to work in Malaya—the Malays were a wild and lawless people, they have entirely changed their character under British rule. No longer is the dreadful cry *Amok!* *Amok!* commonly heard among the quiet *kam-*

*Memorial at Ipoh, Perak, to the late Thomas Woodford Birch, the first British Resident of Perak, who was murdered by Malays in 1875.*



*Elephants are widely used on ceremonial occasions in Malaya, and are trained for this purpose without much difficulty.*

*Malaya owes much to British rule and the Malays have not been slow to appreciate this fact. From a lawless jungle-clad country it has become one of the most prosperous of British Colonies.*

*pongs, as the blood-seeking Malay, kris in hand, seeks to avenge some real or imagined wrong—generally of a domestic nature.*

To-day your Malay believes in the philosophy of *Tid'apa*—"Never mind"—in most cases of misfortune, such as the failure of his rice crop or the abduction of his wife by a hated rival. The fatalism of the son of Islam is more firmly imbued in the modern Malay than it was fifty years ago, while the fiery fanaticism of the northern Moslem seems to have left him.

#### NOMADIC ABORIGINES.

THE origin of the Malay race is wrapped in mystery, though Palembang, in Sumatra, is said with authority to be its cradle. But, to the casual observer, there would seem to be a Mongolian strain in many Malays, who most certainly are not the aborigines of the Peninsula. These are found in the Sakeis and other nomadic tribes who live high up in the mountains and have little to do with the workers in the valleys. Little is known of them; they are not worried and they cause no trouble to anyone. A degenerate race, they live their own solitary existence in the jungles of the mountains, and hate the eye of publicity.

Nine people out of ten will tell you that the Malay is a lazy, work-hating soul. But is he? For generations the Malays have lived in a hot and humid climate, which is not conducive to a desire for hard work, either among Malays, Europeans, or anyone else. If they know and like their employer they will do as good a day's work as any man; but their real trouble is lack of ambition. Allah is good if they have the where-withal, namely rice, coconuts, and other food, to maintain their family.



A sequestered Malay "kampung" among the coconut palms. A Malay may be seen bathing in the stream.

and a roof under which to shelter themselves.

#### HOW TO CATCH A RHINOCEROS.

**A** PART from this, however, they have done for centuries what Western civilisation has only just started to do. They have brought labour-saving to a fine art. For instance, the *orang puteh* goes to enormous trouble and expense to rid the country of a marauding rhinoceros. Not so your Malay; his method is simple and inexpensive, and he will laugh at you if you suggest the word "sport." The rhinoceros has been trampling the rice crops and must be exterminated as expeditiously as possible.

And so they dig a deep pit which they bait with live bait; into this the rhinoceros in due course wanders. The next problem is, how shall the captured beast be removed? Again the answer is simplicity itself. While the rhinoceros in its rage is trampling away at the sides of the pit in its attempts to free itself, the Malays build a strong cage over the pit with a good margin on either side.

Eventually the rhinoceros tramples away sufficient earth to enable it to leave the pit only to find itself imprisoned in a cage. The next problem is its removal. Simple. A stout pole is passed through the animal's legs, fore and aft, and it is thus steered, complete with cage, to wherever it is required, either to be sold alive or killed and skinned.

Equally ingenious devices are used for fishing and in other walks of life. It may not be sport, but as a means to a definite end, Malay labour-saving devices are unquestionably efficient.

#### MALAYAN SPORTSMANSHIP.

**A**S a Mahomme-dan, the Malay may acquire four wives. In point of fact, he seldom does, for he cannot usually afford it; besides which, he is just as cynical in his views on matrimony as is the monogamist. Sultans, rajahs and



Sakei flute players find the nose a more convenient organ with which to blow their instruments than the mouth.

other aristocratic Malays avail themselves of the privilege but it is not often that the working Malay can afford the luxury of more than one spouse.

Among the "upper ten" of Malay society, you find many who have been educated at European universities, and they have one and all become proficient at British sports. The Sultan of Perak owns racehorses, and plays polo and billiards. A charming young *Datoh*

in the Battle of Jutland. In 1921 she paid a visit to the country of her origin, and I doubt if the officers and crew will ever forget the reception they had.

The Malays love and respect the *orang puteh*, and, so long as British officials and colonists maintain the high reputation for honesty and straightforwardness they have won, the Malays will reciprocate with that simple devotion which they have shown in the past.

#### CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLING.

**W**HERE there is money to be made there, surely, will be found Chinese, for this astute race has a remarkable aptitude for acquiring wealth. Attracted by the presence of tin, the Chinese have become a commercial mainstay of the country. As a rule, they are industrious and peaceful, and they are found as rich *towkays*, shopkeepers, domestic servants, ricksha pullers and as coolies on tin mines.

Temples of all Chinese denominations are found throughout the Peninsula. A curious example may be seen between Ipoh and Gopeng; it is built in a limestone hill in



This Chinese Temple, between Ipoh and Gopeng, is built in a limestone cliff which is honeycombed with chambers.

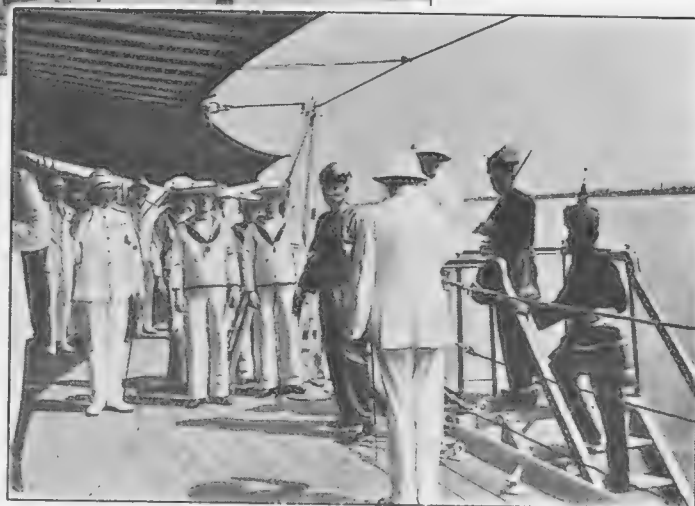
whom I know is one of the best tennis players in the Peninsula, owns racehorses, is an excellent "soccer" player, and thinks nothing of a hundred break at billiards. These Malays who have had Western education have benefited to the full, and in many ways have bettered their teachers.

#### A NOBLE GIFT.

**B**UT, one and all, they love and trust the *orang*

*puteh*. *Orang puteh* means white man, but it is only applied to the Britisher. The Dutchman, for instance, is known as the *orang blanda* (a corruption of Hollander) or, more vulgarly, *orang hijau prut*, the man with the green belly. The Malays are genuinely grateful to the *orang puteh* for the many benefits he has bestowed on the country, and for the peace and prosperity he has brought. And he has shown it in a practical way.

Before the war, the then Sultan of Perak organised a subscription the outcome of which was a warship of the Queen Elizabeth class, H.M.S. *Malaya*, which was presented to the British nation and played a prominent part



His Highness Muhammad, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., ibni Al-Marhum Antah, Yang di-pertuan Besar, Negri Sembilan, pays a State visit to H.M.S. "Malaya."

which are a series of caves. The visitor, after being shown a much-prized bell and the sacred fish, is allowed to roam at will through the chambers in which are bizarre idols; some steps in the side of the hill lead to a bat-infested cave at the summit from which there is a gorgeous view of the Kinta Valley.

On descending the old priest insists on telling one's fortune, a long business involving the payment of a dollar (2s. 4d.) and much juggling with sticks and stones and the burning of joss-sticks. Eventually the matter is settled by telling the priest one's age; then the priest waddles to the wall and produces a paper—printed in Chinese. It is an amusing and not expensive experience, but the fortune must be taken with the proverbial grain of salt.

(Photographs of Singapore Harbour, the "kampung," H.M.S. "Malaya," and the Sakeis are by courtesy of the Malay States Information Agency.)



# The Longest LAWN TENNIS Rally

By F. Gordon Lowe

*A rally of over 300 strokes has recently been played on the Riviera, and our contributor deals with other long rallies.*

OF late years the Bordighera Tournament, like everything else on the Italian Riviera, has been increasing in popularity and importance. Even counting the days of Tony Wilding and the Allens, the recent Jubilee meeting rose to greater heights than any of its predecessors. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable happening of the whole Tournament was the reported rally of inordinate length between Mrs. Satterthwaite and Mlle. Valerio, the Italian lady champion. This occurred when the former was within a point of the match.

## DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.

OPINIONS of those present differed as to the actual length of the rally. Colonel Hartmann, the well-known Riviera umpire, asserts the ball must have crossed the net at least 300 times! Others said they actually counted 413 strokes before Mrs. Satterthwaite captured the necessary point to bring her victory.

While this prodigious rally was in progress there was almost a whole set, five games in all, played in the final of the men's singles between Kehrling and De Stefani.

Whether the length of this Bordighera rally was an absolute record or not it is difficult to say; in any case it was of exceptional length for these modern days, when the average rally in a first-class match does not exceed seven or eight strokes at the most. Mrs. Wallis Myers tells us that, in addition, Mrs. Satterthwaite was prolonging the agony by lobbing back all Mlle. Valerio's drives on to the base line. These tactics, however, gave breathing space to both women, who at the end were neither so exhausted as they might have been had the rally been played at a greater pace.

## A SIX-HOURS' MATCH.

PERSONALLY I believe there have been longer rallies played, though not recently. Although a long rally in these days is not an event to be proud of, I imagine there must have been several of considerable length rivalling Mrs. Satterthwaite's new record, when Zerlendi, the Greek, and I played a match of six hours' duration at the Olympic Games at Antwerp in 1920.

Then, again, I remember playing B. I. C. Norton, who, by the way, has lately become a professional, on the covered



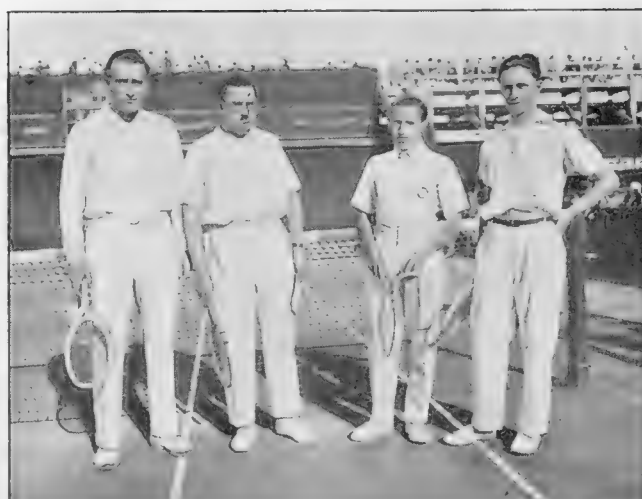
*Miss Susan Noel, a promising lady player, competed in the Magdalen Park Tournament last week.*



*Karel Kozeluh, the professional lawn tennis champion of the world, has begun his work of coaching British Davis Cup and Wightman Cup aspirants.*

courts at Queen's Club in 1922. Norton had been volleying hard all through the match, and the rallies had been quite short and sharp. Suddenly, towards the end of the encounter, when I was gaining the upper hand, Norton stayed back and for one rally began to "stone wall" for all he was worth. This turned out to be one of prodigious length,

which I eventually won. Curiously enough, this was the one and only base line duel between us in the three close sets; after that, much to my relief (I always



*Monaco beat Switzerland by three matches to one in the first round of the Davis Cup. Left to right: C. Aeschliman (Switzerland); Rene Gallipe and V. Landau (Monaco); and J. Wuarin (Switzerland).*

preferred a volleyer) Norton resumed his net attack. Possibly, too, Sleem, the Indian, who is the most deadly accurate player and greatest stone-waller of all time, could tell us something about long rallies. Ritchie's ideas on this subject would also be extremely interesting.

## BOROTRA OR HUNTER?

WITHOUT exception all the critics at the end of last season placed Frank Hunter, the American, above Borotra in their various world lists of the first ten players. At the time I could not altogether agree with their judgment, although there did seem some justification for Borotra's lower position. The Basque was beaten twice by Hunter in 1928, once at Amsterdam and later on in the National championships at Forest Hills, New York. The

critics, however, in compiling their lists had not taken into consideration Borotra's magical double play in the Challenge round of the Davis Cup, or his splendid fight against Tilden at Wimbledon. Then, again, his unbroken list of victories during the French world tour should have been taken into account.

If a series of, say, a dozen matches could be staged, between these two distinguished players, I am inclined to think that Borotra would be credited with a larger number of wins than his rival. All the same, Hunter's piercing drives and his ability to lob are particularly adaptable for dealing with the Frenchman's net rushes.

Borotra has, as a matter of fact, recently turned the tables on Hunter by beating him in the final of the American Covered Court championships in New York. The wooden floor of an indoor court is a surface on which Jean is at his best. He now holds the English, American and French covered court titles.

This is a unique distinction, and a record which has never been accomplished by any player previously. Before setting out for the States Borotra succeeded in lowering Cochet's colours.

## OHTA'S RECORD.

THE extraordinary record of Ohta in this country since Wimbledon last year is worth recording. Altogether the Japanese has played in eleven finals, won nine, lost one and divided one. His only defeat occurred in the Scottish championships, when he was overcome by I. C. Collins, the fourth and most pugnacious member of the British team which has just returned from their world tour. It is difficult to tell how good Ohta actually is because the standard at some of our English Tournaments is not exceptionally high.



George Duncan, the English Ryder Cup captain, extricates himself from a nasty lie during the Professional Golf Competition at Roehampton, while "Bombardier" Billy Wells, the ex-champion British heavy-weight (leaning against a tree) watches him.

THE tendency of golf legislators to formulate a rule to cover every possible contingency, occupied my mind recently to such an extent that I was visited by a dream. Here goes!

The Amateur Golf Championship had been retained for the British Isles by Mr. Green, who, it will be remembered, succeeded in accomplishing this self-same performance precisely ten years ago, when he defeated Mr. Brown, of America, in a memorable final which went to the thirty-seventh hole.

Mr. Green's performance is all the more creditable as he was compelled to play the latter part of the match without the use of his brassie. The reason for this was that one of the screws which hold the brass in place came out, thus rendering the club an illegal one owing to its being under the standard weight. By an oversight Mr. Green's caddy had omitted to bring any spare screws.

#### QUESTIONS OF LAW.

THIS was not the first contretemps which attended Mr. Green during the day. On the first tee his opponent, Mr. Smith, of America, objected to Mr. Green's favourite driver on the ground that its face was roughened beyond the standard roughness. The umpire was unable to decide, and an emergency Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews was called. The objection was finally overruled, and Mr. Smith was fined £5 for making a frivolous objection.

It was noticed during the first few holes that Mr. Green seemed particularly interested in Mr. Smith's swing with his No. 2 iron. It was no great surprise to the big crowds following the match when at the seventh Mr. Green demanded that Mr. Smith's swing should be measured, and it was found that this swing was two inches longer than the standard No. 2 iron swing. The hole was therefore awarded to Mr. Green, making him one up.

The match was very even until the players came to the fourteenth hole in the afternoon round, when Mr. Smith unfortunately hooked his ball beyond the standard hook, thus making Mr. Green two up. With four holes to go Mr. Smith cleverly got a hole back by appealing against Mr. Green's ball, which had gathered a speck of mud and, of course, was therefore no longer of standard shape or weight. Mr. Green only just missed saving this hole by putting quickly before his opponent noticed the mud. Excitement

became intense when Mr. Smith squared the match with one hole to go, since at the seventeenth Mr. Green holed out with his mashie from the edge of the fairway, which is, of course, not a standard approach shot. But the last hole was a dull hole—nothing of note occurring in the play, and Mr. Green won it in four to five, thus winning the Championship.

Mr. Green's clubs and those of his opponent were immediately taken to the weighing room and both sets weighed in correctly.

A dream, but one which may come to be the actual fact a few years hence if this ridiculous craze for standardising continues. Methinks it was a nightmare!

#### A REALLY GOOD STANCE.

WHILE on this subject of standardisation and

# A Golfing Nightmare

By Gerard Fairlie

*The ridiculous craze for standardisation was responsible for our contributor having a strange dream—or nightmare.*



Jose Jurado, the Argentine Golf Champion, finding at Lisbon that he would be too late to compete in the Professional Tournament at Roehampton, left the liner and travelled overland to Paris, whence he flew to London.



English Ryder Cup players—left to right: T. H. Cotton, A. Boomer and Abe Mitchell—competed at Roehampton in the Professional Tournament. Cotton was beaten in the semi-final.

of rule, I am reminded that a correspondent wrote to me the other day with regard to two articles of mine published recently in BRITANNIA dealing with the breaking of rules of golf which unfortunately is nowadays so prevalent. He asked how far a man may

go to improve his lie when he is awkwardly placed in the rough.

A man may not improve his lie except by moving dead sticks or branches or similar impediments to the outcome of his shot. In a hazard he may move nothing.

The rules definitely state that before striking at a ball in play a player shall not move, bend or break anything fixed or growing except so far as it is necessary to

enable him clearly to take his stance in addressing the ball. I have seen men, and women for that matter, whose stance became quite remarkable when it was desired to keep back some branch which was in the way of the shot. I cannot help feeling that this was not exactly the meaning of the word "fairly" as used by those who drew up the rules.

#### IN CONCLUSION.

I DO not propose to write any more on the subject of rules unless circumstances compel me, but I should just like to touch on two other aspects of the matter before finally taking leave of it.

In the first place, it does not seem to be generally known that when giving the line on the green to, say, one's partner in a foursome, one must

not touch the line of the putt with one's club. It is an odd fact that this rule is broken in first class foursome competitions nearly always and very often the culprits are distinguished golfers.

Lastly, I am asked whether any penalty is incurred when a ball moves while the player is in the act of swinging. The answer is simple. Provided that the ball does not move before the player starts his swing and provided also that the player does not stop his swing but continues with the shot and takes his chance of hitting the moving ball no penalty is incurred, but it should be remembered that after removing, say, a small twig from the vicinity of the ball and the ball then moving, a stroke is lost even if the player has not yet taken up his stance or grounded his club.



# ENGLAND'S *Young* Rugby MEN

By JOHN ORCHARD

*In the match against France England's Rugby XV, composed of younger men, acquitted themselves better than the "old gentlemen" who represented the country in the earlier matches. England's future prospects in the Rugby field are rosy.*

**A**N uncle of mine, who lives in Paris and who is himself approaching a green old age, fought his way into the recent England v. France match, and afterwards remarked to me (as a matter of fact, it was *à propos* Reeve): "International Rugger is too exacting a game for young pups in their teens."

Actually, if crudely, he was echoing a widely held opinion that it is undesirable for a boy of the beardless age of, say, seventeen or eighteen to try his strength in the somewhat concentrated hurly-burly of international Rugger. It seems to me that such an opinion is a case of putting the saddle on the wrong horse. If a young fellow has proved himself to be an international, then he is an international, and there's no more to be said about it. The mere fact of his gaining his place in his country's team proves him to be possessed of the necessary physique and skill to hold his own with his elders, and to say that such a boy (obviously an exception) is too young is stuff and nonsense.

To submit a delicate or undeveloped boy to the ordeal of the highest class of competitive Rugger would be manifestly unwise; but a boy of that kind is scarcely likely to get the chance. There have been numerous cases of schoolboy internationals—the names of McLeod and MacEwan have not yet been forgotten—and each of them has been a lusty young fellow in the heyday of youth, and no harm has resulted from the recognition of his exceptional prowess and virility.

## ENGLAND'S "OLD GENTLEMEN."

**T**HE outcry against England's "old gentlemen" has been justified by events; England's youngest team—the side that beat France—has been proclaimed by the learned men of Rugger as her best of the season. The teams that beat Wales and lost to Ireland and Scotland were indisputably stodgy.

They were strong, vigorous, forcible, robust and sturdy—all these things; but there was an absence of that dash and daring

that is essential to successful enterprise. Dash and daring walk hand in hand with youth, and youth in Rugger is usually lost round about the age of twenty-eight; after thirty it is definitely a case of going downhill.

England's selectors are not fools. Although their critics have been protesting loudly that the Selection Committee have not offered us a counsel of perfection, it is well to remember that the selectors' standard of perfection is the higher of the two. Moreover, the selectors suffer from one outstanding handicap: they publish their estimate of England's team before the match, whereas the critics, for the most part, express their opinions after they have seen the result.

It has been England's misfortune this season that several of her proven players have lost their form at the same time; and, after all, loss of international form can only be demonstrated in international matches. Discoveries have been made and lessons have been learned; it is not likely that the writing on the wall will be ignored. It is, in fact, all Lombard Street to a China orange that next season's English team will be one of the youngest and most convincing sides of recent years. In any case, pessimism fills no one's pockets.

## BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

**A**S regards the players, Brown of Bristol has retained his place at full-back in the absence of Kenneth Sellar. J. A. Adamson, of Oxford University, is a beautifully long and certain kick, but his tackling and positional play are not the equal of Brown's. Amongst the three-quarters more reputations have been lost than made. Aarvold, hailed at the beginning of the season as the greatest three-quarter of post-war days, was dropped for the Scottish match; this was a bad blunder, which the selectors acknowledged by reinstating him in the next game. Smeddle, originally developed by Aarvold,

became a great player independent of his tutor, and, although dropped in the last match, is likely to regain his place.

A. L. Novis forced himself into prominence by his successful club combination with Jacob, and was introduced into the national side at the end of the season as a wing three-quarter although his best position is in the centre. Sladen, although persevered with, was disappointing, and Aslett was his usual steady self. Sir T. G. Devitt's early injury in the Blackheath-Cambridge match caused the selectors much headscratching over the left-wing position.

Guy Wilson, of Manchester, was the eventual choice, but, except for his clever kicking, he was not a pronounced success. He sustained an injury in the County Championship final, and his position was given to J. S. R. Reeve, of Cambridge and Middlesex; in his only game, against France, Reeve played brilliantly, and showed himself to be a footballer of merit.

No less than three scrum and three outside halves were tried in the course of the season. Arthur Young and Witley sadly disappointed, and Colin Laird was injured prior to the Scottish match. For this game—should I not have said "battle"?—S. C. Meikle and E. Richards were introduced, but Meikle, who was lucky to be selected, proved to be too frail a player. Roger Spong, who is as strong as a horse and nippy withal, displaced him in the final match, and played with distinction.

## SOUND RESERVES.

**T**HE strength of an army lies in its reserves. England's reserves this season were all young and improving players.

The portents are good; young men, quick of mind and body, are knocking at the door, and we may well see some storming Rugby next season. Let us hope that we shall see less stereotyped football; in Rugger 'tis better to have risked and lost than never to have risked at all.



H. G. Periton, Waterloo, who captained England against France



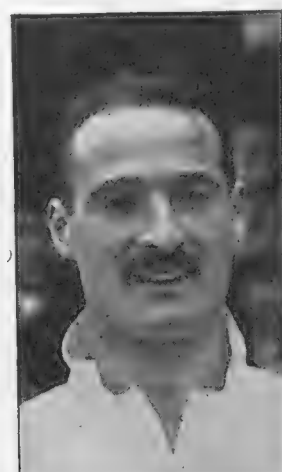
G. S. Wilson, Manchester, did not play v. Scotland owing to an injured knee



T. W. Brown, of Bristol, has been a tower of strength at full back



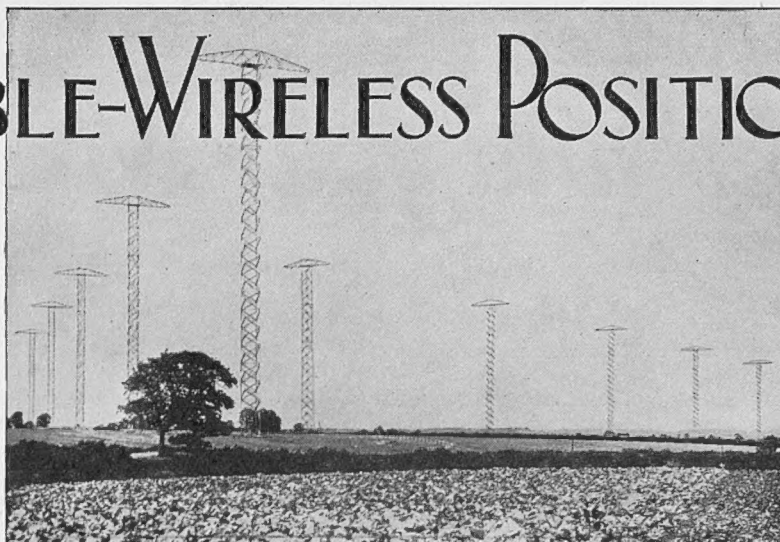
H. Wilkinson, Halifax, has proved himself to be a forward of sterling value



D. Turquand-Young, Richmond, has strengthened the forwards recently

# THE CABLE-WIRELESS POSITION TODAY

*From the general public's standpoint is the Cable Wireless position all that it should be? Our contributor does not think that the functions of the existing régime are being properly fulfilled.*



By  
**SIR CHARLES  
BRIGHT.**

*On the left are the five masts which receive messages from Canada, while those on the right deal with transmissions from South Africa. This station at Bridgwater, Somerset, was built for the G.P.O. by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co., Ltd.*

**T**HE recently appointed Imperial Wireless and Cables Committee appears to have been more fortunate than the majority of Government appointed commissions, and many of those who are concerned with public affairs appear, on the whole, to have been pleased with its Report.

But, though the Committee seem to have given little heed to the written views of the Federation of British Industries or to similar evidence, it became clear that those more especially interested in the development of inter-Imperial trade look with concern on the merger between cable and wireless companies, in that it points to an increase—rather than a much-needed reduction—in telegraph rates between the scattered branches of the Empire.

On broad, main principles the scope of the inquiry covered much of the same ground as that of several previous inquiries, and notably that of the Dominions Royal Commission, which issued its Final Report in 1917, after some four years' investigation conducted throughout the Empire.

Yet the Imperial Wireless and Cable Committee does not appear to have studied that Report. The difference between its conclusions and those of their own is very striking on the question of rates, for whereas the Dominions Royal Commission urged very strongly for substantial rate reductions, this later Committee limited itself to reporting against *increases*, a marked case of retrogression.

Then, again, it is surely a somewhat remarkable fact that, whilst much evidence was taken by this Committee from representatives of the cable companies, there was none apparently from wireless representatives.

## NEED FOR COMPETITION

**W**HAT surprises me is that a Government like the present—that is supposed to be all out for "Empire"—should have apparently failed to recognise the immense importance of low telegraph rates throughout the British Empire. Does it fondly imagine that a reduction in the present high rates will ever be voluntarily given under the amalgamation that they have favoured? History, at any rate, points all the other way. Inwardly within themselves the whole cable world knows quite well that practically no cable rates have ever been reduced except as a result of competition, or of known *forthcoming* competition. An instance of the latter is what took place when the tariff to Australia was very

materially lowered as soon as it became known that the "All-British" Pacific Cable of 1902 was about to be laid—as the outcome of the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's foresight.

This is only one instance of the fact that when competition arises it is at once discovered that the rates can be substantially reduced despite all that has been loudly declared to the contrary. The company in no way suffered in dividends, the traffic being greatly increased as a result of lowering the tariff. With telegraph companies, supposed to be serving public and Imperial interests, the assessment of rates should be on a collective basis rather than individually for each separate line between particular stations.

So far the plan has been that the rates between individual spots must be on a scale in inverse proportion to the prevailing traffic, whereas the traffic should rather be encouraged to increase by the lowering of rates.

## ADVISORY IN NAME

**S**O far it is difficult to recognise the proposed communication company as a real "Public Utility" company or corporation. Out of twelve directors in all, there are to be only two "Government Representatives" on the Board. Moreover, even those are to be appointed "on the suggestion of the cable companies"! Again, on what grounds are the two members of the Government Advisory Committee to be nominated by the communications company?

There are obvious objections to such a plan, unless the committee is really only to be an "Advisory Committee" in name. Also the said Advisory Committee are to be merely empowered to guard against any *increase* in the rates. Thus, they will not be in a position to bring about any long-wanted *reduction* in the tariffs under improved conditions—in the interests of the general public and inter-Imperial trade. As a matter of fact, no Government Advisory Committee has ever been consulted by any cable company, as to rates or anything else.

It is, of course, essential in National and Imperial interests that we should maintain for ourselves the British cable system if only for high strategic and secret business reasons, and that appears to be the strong feature of the Imperial Wireless Committee's Report.

**L**ET us now especially consider the position of the great cable companies.

They, of course, constitute a striking instance of British private enterprise, covering over half-a-century. It has to be remembered, however, that they have greatly benefited, not only by very large Government subsidies, but also by monopolies on a considerable scale. Thus, all to their credit, they have been in a position steadily to declare large dividends for a great number of years.

With the introduction of the "Beam" system, an entirely different position arose; for, apart from its greatly superior technical efficiency compared with any previous form of radio-telegraphy, it can both be far more economically established than a corresponding cable system and be run at a substantial profit with materially lower tariffs.

When that position became known, those who frequently had occasion to send cablegrams—at a price—felt that they were now not only going to benefit by the choice of two really practical systems, but by lower rates as well. Their confidence was, however, misplaced, for the forthcoming "merger" was to entirely upset that happy feeling.

Why should the public have been denied the advantages of competition and be given instead a still more immense monopoly at such a period? It is true that the cable companies—with the now efficient radio system already considerably cutting into their traffic—was likely to suffer a good deal; but, after all, they had had a remarkably good and lengthy innings, and surely public interests should come first in such a matter.

## LACK OF FORESIGHT

**I**T is not unlikely that the cable companies' embarrassments would have been non-existent had a little more enterprise been exercised in the past, and had every cable system established its own wireless. Furthermore, much public time and money would then have been spared over investigation and Parliamentary debates.

For the purposes of a real public utility service, I have always felt that a reasonable measure of state control is essential. I doubt if that has been properly provided for under the Bill. It was as the result of practically all the previous similar inquiries that Government supervision in the matter of cable rates was arranged for. But it was never really exercised, and is unlikely to be under the recent Bill.



## Finance &amp; City Section

## YOU and your MONEY

By A. G. Walsh

**T**HE terms of the cable-wireless merger should be acceptable, generally, to the shareholders of all the companies embraced in the scheme.

Having regard to what probably would have been the quotations for the various securities, had the companies continued as competitors, I regard the terms as distinctly advantageous. They give an immediate financial gain to almost all classes of shareholders.

It is well to bear in mind that the present-day valuation of the cable companies' stocks and Marconi shares are based upon the terms of the exchange into the scrip of the new Cables and Wireless Company; and that these values unquestionably are much higher than would have been the quotations had no merger been proposed.

At one time last year, Marconi 10s. shares were as low as 39s. 6d. Under the scheme each 10s. share is to receive the equivalent of 87s. 6d. of new scrip. Similarly, Eastern Telegraph ordinary stock, which between 1921 and 1927 was never quoted above £200, is to be exchanged for virtually £300 of new capital.

## TERMS EXAMINED

**A**NALYSING the offer that is to be made formally this month to the shareholders of the companies concerned, I notice at once that holders of cable stocks are to receive a larger proportion of the new capital in the form of senior securities. This is as it should be. The cable companies have been longer established and are financially stronger in the matter of invested reserves.

Accordingly, holders of Eastern Telegraph ordinary are to be asked to accept for each £100 (nominal value) of existing stock £165 of 5½ per cent. £1 cumulative preference shares plus £108 18s. of 7½ per cent. £1 non-cumulative 7½ per cent. "A" ordinary shares plus £26 of "B" ordinary shares of the Cables and Wireless Company, known as the merger company.

On the other hand, it is proposed to give in exchange for every 100 Marconi 10s. shares likewise three classes of new shares, but made up as follows:—£81 10s. of 5½ per cent. preference, £205 8s. of 7½ per cent. "A" ordinary, and £150 5s. of "B" ordinary. In comparing these terms it should be borne in mind that lately the market value of £100 Eastern Telegraph ordinary stock has been around £270, and the value of 100 Marconi 10s. shares £420 (at 84s. a share).

## VALUES OF NEW SHARES.

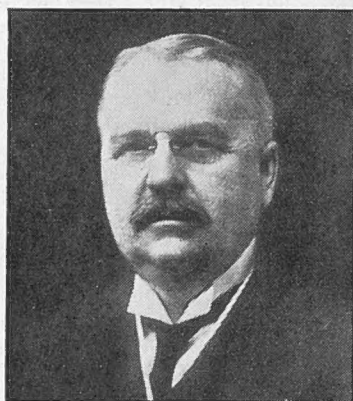
**W**HILE no details are yet available as to the value put upon the assets of the holding company, I consider that the

preference shares ought to be sufficiently well secured to justify a market price of at least par. As to the "A" ordinary, if their fixed dividend is adequately covered, they should command a price up to 22s. 6d., and even more.

The immediate value of the "B" ordinary, of course, is problematical. It will depend, to an extent, upon what estimates are in circulation as to the probable earning power of the operating company. These are, however, the type of share that will be valued more on the far possibilities than on initial dividend prospects. For that reason the price may command a premium when dealings commence in May.

## THOSE "ONE POUNDERS."

**H**OWEVER satisfactorily the general body, and majority, of the shareholders



Lord Inverforth, who is to be president of Cables and Wireless Ltd. which will own the securities of the cable and Marconi companies.



Sir Basil Blackett, who is to be chairman of Imperial and International Communications which will work the cable and wireless systems.

of the cable and wireless companies may be dealt with, the scheme is not going through without some opposition. The criticism with weight behind it comes from the holders of Marconi £1 shares. In my opinion, there is justification for their complaint.

One naturally would have thought that holders of Marconi £1 ordinary shares would be offered twice as many shares of the new company as each 10s. share. But no; whereas holders of each 10s. share are to receive 87s. 6d. worth of new scrip, the £1 share only receives 97s. 6d. worth.

The argument of the holders of £1 ordinary shares is that such shares are equivalent to two 10s. ordinary shares, and, therefore, should receive twice as much new scrip. On the other hand, the attitude of the sponsors of the scheme appears to be that a £1 ordinary share is worth only 10s. more than the 10s. ordinary share, and they accordingly make up the difference by adding a cash value of 10s.

To me this method of valuation seems unreasonable. For the purpose of the exchange the extraordinary method of splitting into equal moieties of 10s. the £1 shares has been adopted. The first

moiety is valued at its intrinsic worth (87s. 6d.), and the other moiety at its nominal value of 10s. And so 97s. 6d. worth of new scrip is to be offered for each £1 share. Similarly, with the £1 preference shares.

Remember there is no compulsion about the offer. Shareholders need not accept the new securities, if they prefer to remain as they are. I consider that it would be foolish for any shareholder, apart from holders of the £1 shares, to stand against the scheme. I can sympathise with the attitude of the "one pounders," for they have not been treated with the same generosity as the holders of the 10s. shares.

Under the Marconi Company's articles of association the rights of the £1 shares for dividend purposes are double those of a 10s. share. Why not the same for amalgamation purposes?

## BRITISH CELANESE EARNINGS.

**M**Y prediction that British Celanese had experienced a less satisfactory period in the past year now finds confirmation in the official statement that the results for the year ending with February last were affected adversely by unfavourable trading conditions, and the large reductions in price, made as part of a policy to ensure increased sales against the larger output capacity.

That a betterment in trading conditions is taking place appears to be evident from the decision to pay at the due dates

the dividends on both the first and the second preference capital. The market was quite prepared for the postponement of the dividend on the second preference shares, and would not have been surprised had a similar course been adopted in regard to the first preference. These fears were expressed in the low prices recently ruling for the preference shares.

The official announcement should do much to restore market confidence in the undertaking, pending publication of the accounts. And, of course, until these are available, the relative cheapness or dearness at current quotations of the ordinary shares cannot be discussed.

Anyhow, if the ordinary shares, now standing at three times their face value, are worth their price, then the 7½ per cent. second bonds and the 7 per cent. first preference shares ought not to be at a discount. Naturally, these two issues lack the speculative possibilities of the ordinary shares; but, under normal conditions, their dividends ought to be well covered.

## SNIA VISCOSA.

**C**ONDITIONS on the Continent in the Cartifical silk industry have been just



as disordered as in this country. From Mr. Samuel Courtauld's recent review of the industry, I gathered that very few were making any profit to speak of. I now learn that the great Italian company in which Courtaulds is interested—the Snia Viscosa—has had trade difficulties to contend with in the form of "unjustifiable competition" (to quote the chairman) and absurdly low prices. The price reductions cost the company 80 million lire.

It is, therefore, somewhat of an achievement to find that the company in the past year, in face of that shrinkage managed to increase its net profit from 20 million lire to just over 72 million lire (about £781,000). This represents 7 per cent. on the capital; but no dividend is recommended as the whole of the net surplus is applied in writing down investments and fixed assets. In other words, the surplus is put back into the business.

Snia Viscosa shares, now around 24s. (par value 120 lire) have reasonable prospects of improving if the company can come to some price-fixing arrangement with its competitors. This is not improbable.

#### STEEL INDUSTRY CONSOLIDATION.

I AM rather curious to learn how the shareholders of the United Steel Companies, Ltd., will respond to the offer made to them by the Austin Friars Trust.

The trust is identified with the City financial group, who so successfully have co-ordinated the interests of a large number of drapery houses throughout the country by bringing them under one control, that of the Drapery Trust.

The plans of the group for a comprehensive merger and rationalisation of the steel industry have now matured. In selecting the United Steel Companies the Austin Friars Trust has chosen one of the largest iron and steel groups in this country. When working at full capacity the United Steel group employs over 30,000 men.

On its production of 2½ million tons of coal last year and 850,000 tons of steel, the reduction in prices represented a fall in the value of the output of more than £600,000 as compared with the prices of the previous year. I mention these figures to emphasise the importance of rationalisation to an undertaking of that capacity.

#### CAPITAL REORGANISATION.

IN order to rehabilitate the United Steel Companies and subsidiary undertakings, I understand that the intention of the trust is to recapitalise the whole group and to provide new working capital. There is no question that that is absolutely essential for the regeneration of the undertaking. With six distinct classes of debenture and share capital the existing capitalisation is extremely complicated.

But will the majority of shareholders accept the terms offered? The trust offers to acquire the debentures and shares at prices above those recently ruling; but in some instances somewhat below the top market prices of 1928.

Some shareholders who acquired their shares at much higher prices may hesitate to accept the trust's offer at a time when the company should benefit materially from derating. Last year, £208,314 was paid in local taxation. If derating means that the company will be relieved of 75 per cent. of this amount the saving will exceed £156,000 per annum. This is merely an estimate but it shows that in one sense derating will be helpful.

Further working capital is necessary. And I feel, too, that the present capitalisation should be modified. Therefore the offer of the Austin Friars Trust deserves serious consideration, although I do think that an alternative offer of shares in the new combine should be made.

#### SAFE AND SOUND.

*The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to enquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiased opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.*

*All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.*

#### RUBBER.

"SEEING that America is using more rubber can you explain why the price of the commodity remains below 1s. per lb.?" inquires a reader. Frankly, I cannot. The whole position at first sight appears somewhat paradoxical. The manufacturing consumption of rubber in the United States is on a record scale, the quantity absorbed in March reaching 44,730 tons. This is the largest quantity consumed in any one month. In fact, the figures for the first quarter of this year are the highest ever attained, totalling, as they do, 129,326 tons.

For the whole of 1928 the American consumption of rubber was 440,000 tons. The past quarter's figures are at the rate of 516,000 tons per annum. But to anticipate that this year's American consumption will reach that total would be misleading. While I anticipate a high level of consumption during April and May, the summer months and the autumn probably will witness a falling off in the manufacturing demand. As a rule, at this period of the year tyre manufacturers are busy with preparations for the spring and summer trade.

In rubber circles I find that America's exceptionally heavy rubber requirements are regarded as a temporary phenomenon. The dominating factor in rubber just now is the continuance of the heavy shipments. These are giving rise to fears that the surplus over production this year may be considerably more than is anticipated. Statistics respecting the quantity of rubber accumulated in the East are still a little conflicting. I am afraid that until after midsummer it will not be possible to take a clearer view of the outlook.

#### SOME INVESTMENTS

THE speculative spirit has evaporated from the Stock Exchange for the time being, and most of the business is of the investment class. As there has been no setback in sound securities as compared with the all-round decline that has taken place in Industrials, the prospective investor can give up at once the idea of picking up bargains among investment securities. There is none.

Here and there prices have come down a little. The 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan,

for example, can be bought at 77½ or so whereas at one time last year the price was 79½, and given a spell of cheaper money it might easily appreciate to that level again this year.

In the gilt-edged group, the long-dated stocks I should select are: 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan to yield 4½ per cent., Local loans 3 per cent. stock just under 64 to yield about £4 14s. per cent., and Irish Land 2½ per cent. stock around 58½ to yield about £4 13s. 6d. per cent. For a quick income return I should select the guaranteed 6 per cent. Austrian sterling loan, now 102. This price includes the right to the half-year's interest coupon payable June 1.

Among Colonial stocks, the best yields are still those of the various Australian loans, the Commonwealth 5 per cent. stock at 99, New South Wales 5 per cent. at 98½, and Queensland 5 per cent. loan (1940-60) at 96½. The latter is unquestionably cheap.

The best type of foreign Government loans return from 5½ to 6 per cent.—and perhaps a little more. Chile new 6 per cent. loan can be obtained around 94½, while Brazilian 6½ per cent. loan is now around par. Both appear to me to be attractive investments.

Now to swing over to the other side—that is, to high-yielding securities. I consider that Denman Picture Houses 7 per cent. debentures, obtainable about par, merit attention. These are fully guaranteed by the Gaumont British Picture Corporation, the largest picture theatre-film company in the Kingdom. Gaumont British 6½ per cent. debentures also are attractive at current price of 101.

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## FINANCE AND CITY SECTION—(continued.)

## Mining Shares

*Essentials to Successful Speculation*

SOME investors never can discriminate between a speculation and an investment security. They never seem to realise when they are speculating and when they are investing. Take mining shares. Because a certain Transvaal gold mine is earning enormous profits, and has been paying dividends for three or four years of, say, anything between 60 and 80 per cent., do not jump to the conclusion that the company's shares must be a sound investment.

Gold mining shares, I admit, have brought fortunes to some lucky holders, and quite a number yield very good percentages. There is, too, a speculative fascination about gold mining shares, and this, without doubt, has contributed to their popularity. I have no desire to decry mining shares. I have advised speculation in them, and will do so again—at the proper time.

**WHY INVESTORS LOSE.**

MONEY is lost in mining shares because the inexpert speculator—or investor, if you like—does not show a proper appreciation of the extent of the risks undertaken; fails to realise facts as they are; and neglects to rise to an emergency to meet any difficulties encountered.

To be more explicit, the general public do not understand the vagaries of mines; they do not trouble to ascertain whether the mine in question is in its prime, or within a few years of exhaustion, or whether the working costs and the grade of the ore can permit good profits. In short, they act probably upon a popular tip, buy on top of a considerable rise, and in nine cases out of ten make a bad bargain.

**SOME EXAMPLES.**

THESE observations are prompted by the remarks of a reader, who sent me recently a list of his holdings of South African mining shares. Some of the shares were bought many years ago "for investment purposes," because of the good dividends at the time. High prices were paid for several shares, based probably upon the dividends then current. My correspondent felt sorely disappointed at the heavy depreciation in the price of most of his holdings.

Now, some of the shares had been acquired as long ago as 1911. On looking through the price records, I discovered that my correspondent could have sold in subsequent years most of his shares at a good profit. But he

elected to hold on and see his capital fritter away in depreciation.

Among his holdings he had Randfonteins, bought in 1913 at 27s. 6d. The price a few years later fell away to 10s., but recovered to 31s. in 1920, only to fall away gradually to present price of 6s. 6d. One would have thought that a holder, having seen his shares slump and then recover, would have got out when the price improved. On the other hand, his Geduld shares costing before the war 24s., now stand around £3 10s.; but here again he could have sold them in 1927 at £4 15s. a share.

Another share on his list with a record behind it of lost selling opportunities was East Rand Proprietary. These shares cost 31s. in 1915. In 1918, they were selling below 2s., but within two years, recovered to 18s. 6d. only to dwindle away again to 3s. 6d. The price experienced further ups and downs, and reached 29s. in 1927, and are now about 11s. 6d.

**"LIVES" OF MINES.**

HIS cardinal mistake was retaining his shares too long. When a mine passes its zenith, and the quantity and the grade of the ore in the mine begins to decline, dividends on a decreasing scale are inevitable. Depreciation in the market value of the shares follows as a matter of course, for the mine's prospects are less promising. Once a gold mine has given up its rich resources, and begins to utilise its low-grade ore, its shares gradually lose their speculative popularity.

If you buy mining shares for a good income temporarily, ascertain from your broker the probable "life" of the mine, should it be a property on the Rand. With Canadian and many other mines, owing to the different geological formation, no such estimate is possible.

But to return to South African mining: If the "life" of the mine you are considering, is less than 20 years, you should regard a certain proportion of the dividends you receive as a return of capital against the inevitable depreciation in the value of the shares.

Many investors, I have learned, fail to realise that the life of a mine is limited, and that the older a mine, the nearer its end. Nor do some people recognise that the dividends paid are, in effect a part return of capital inasmuch as they represent the realisation of a proportion of the assets.

A. G. WALSH.

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